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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

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Fine Job Printing
—EXECUTED—
With Neatness and Dispatch.
SALE BILLS,
ENVELOPES,
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
INVITATIONS,
ETC., ETC.
CALL AND SEE US.

A DREAM OF HOME.

The sun's rays slant the path along,
The air is balmy as in June;
The robin sings his evening song,
And through the sky the new, gray moon
Moves calmly on, untrammeled, free,
But something whispers unto me—
"Not yet!"

The brook sings as it gently flows,
The frog croaks by the water's rim;
There in content the lily grows,
And there the fishes, darting, swim.
I hear and see the old brown mill,
But ah, those sad words haunt me still—
"Not yet!"

In clover meadows broad and fair,
In drowsy mood the cows await
The farm boy's call upon the air,
While, with his pail, beside the gate
Which opens down the grassy lane,
My brother breathes these words of pain—
"Not yet!"

The steepled church, the school house near,
The wood where I have roamed at will;
The quaint, old farm house, to me dear.
My youthful home—my manhood's still—
I see them as in days gone by,
But something whispers (as I sigh)
"Not yet!"

O, Hearts, to whom there is no May!
Who yearn to hear my footfalls where
The path, so beaten, takes its way
Under old trees so grand and fair!
Dear Hearts who long for me to come,
I can but say I can go home—
"Not yet!"

For longer, still, your breasts must know
A sadness free from all disguise,
Ere I can leave these scenes and go
And look into fair, loving eyes,
And clasp the hands so warm, and kiss
The lips I've pressed so oft in bliss—
"Not yet!"

Forgotten, but as sweet and strong
As when one dreamful Autumn day
I said "good-bye," and passed along
Down the old walk, and went away,
Not thinking there would come a day
When I should have, as now, to say
"Not yet!"

Alas, not yet! Far, far from this!
Still must I wait! All I can do
Is just to waft a long, long kiss
Bedewed with love, oh, Hearts, to you,
And murmur these sad words once more,
Unthought of in the days of yore—
"Not yet!"

—*Baltimore American.*

MISS EULALIE'S ELM-TREE.

It was a magnificent work of nature, Miss Eulalie's elm-tree; so tall and graceful, overhanging the street with its green banner, lending a charming shade to her little parlor, which gave it the air of a dim, cool recess in the woods on a summer's day. Miss Eulalie loved it, and, except for her gay young ward, it would seem as if she had little else to love. Her grandfather had planted it; it was a sort of heirloom. She had passed her youth beneath its boughs; her name was carved on its stem. She never looked at the tree without thinking of the one who had carved it there; of the still, moonlight nights they had spent together in its shadow. It gave her both pain and pleasure—pleasure, because it reminded her that he had loved her once; pain, that he loved her no longer. She could not guess why he had never returned to her; what had estranged him was still as great a mystery to her as in those early days of her bereavement, when sorrow and suspense had been her daily companions, rising up and sitting down with her. Perhaps some fairer woman had enslaved him, perhaps he had never really loved her at all, and she experienced a pang of mortified pride when she reflected that she had possibly been vain enough to make the mistake. Year by year she watched the tender green of the elm thicken into dark masses of leaves; year by year she watched them fading and falling, like her own hopes and illusions; it was a poem to her; and yet, after all; it was only Miss Eulalie's elm-tree by permission. The home of her ancestors had fallen into other hands; she had only returned to it by a happy chance, not as its owner. Mrs. Vaughn, the purchaser, had a daughter to be educated, and Miss Eulalie had taken the situation. When Mrs. Vaughn died, she devised that Miss Eulalie should make a home with Isabel; be mother, sister, and teacher, all in one, to that wayward young person, till she should marry—in short, stand in the gap. Miss Eulalie had been used to standing in gaps all her life; this was nothing new. And it was a home—her old home where she had dreamed dreams. When she walked at twilight beneath the old elm its leaves seemed to whisper, "Just here he kissed you first," and "Here you said good-by." No wonder she loved the old tree!

"Dangerous thing," said Captain Valentine, tapping its trunk with his cane as he walked by; "hollow-hearted as a jilt, Miss Eulalie."

"You are mistaken," she rejoined; "it is as sound as a nut."

"But it must come down," he added, as if his word were law.

"*Never*, while I live, Captain Valentine."

"You forget that I am a man of property; that I pay more taxes than any one in Littleford; that I can buy ever tree in the place, and cut it down if I choose."

"Then it is only from pure good-nature that you beg my consent to cut down this exquisite tree? Do you know I have loved it from a child; my grandfather planted it——"

"I know that Miss Isabel owns the whole estate, and I know that this bone of contention, this tree, obstructs the view from my windows, Miss Eulalie, which is more to the point—that its boughs leap into the air so high and spread their branches so wide that it blots out the view of the sea, 'the open sea;'" and he passed on up the long green lawn to his new home, with its marble steps and broad balconies, which made its humble neighbor seem forlorn and shabby. Miss Eulalie looked at the imposing structure, at the parterres of brilliant flowers, at the fountain tossing its jets into the sunlight, the velvet terraces and lawn, and smiled. Why had Captain Valentine chosen to build his palace so near her home? Why had he built at all, at his time of life, with no family to inherit, and no wife to do its honors? How lonely he must be, she thought, in the spacious mansion, with nobody but the servants to speak with. Why had he never married? In the humility of her heart Miss Eulalie never dreamed that it was because she would not marry him. That had happened so many years ago, before he and Anson Andrews had sailed together in the Water Witch. How angry he had been then! how jealous of Anson! How bitterly he had sworn that the day should come when she would give her heart's blood to recall the words—when she should regret her folly in dust and ashes! But, of course, he had forgotten all that—the ravings of an untamed nature. He had been only second mate then, with little or nothing ahead in the world; to-day he was Captain Valentine, with the world at his feet; the richest man in town, perhaps.

"You might have been mistress up there, Miss Eulalie," he had reminded her one day, pausing at her gateway after the house was done. "But you took your choice—you took your choice, and"—laughing—"they tell us that beggars shouldn't be chosers."

From the very first Captain Valentine had raised a hue and cry about Miss Eulalie's elm-tree; it almost seemed as if he had selected the site to tease her, as if he wished to strip her of everything she loved, since she declined to love himself. "I have bought the most expensive spot in town," he said, "and spared no money, in order that I might open my eyes every morning on my beloved sea, and you refuse to sacrifice a tree for an old friend and neighbor, a tree which will drop of its own will presently."

"Captain Valentine, she said, "you have my word, once for all: the elm shall stand so long as I am mistress here. There need be no more words about it."

"No more words, but indeed," he answered, and a wicked, angry light flamed in his eyes, such as she had seen there once before. The man could hold fire like iron.

But then the subject dropped, as she believed. He did not mention the tree again. "He has given it up," she thought; "he makes a great noise when he can't have his way, and then forgets about it." But Miss Eulalie did not do the Captain justice. One twilight, as she returned from a sick neighbor's, it gave her a curious shock to see her pretty ward, Isabel Vaughn, talking over the hedge which separated the grounds, to Captain Valentine, who wore a rose in his button-hole.

"See, dear Miss Eulalie," she cried—see what a basket of roses Captain Valentine has brought us! And might I go up to The Towers to-morrow with Mrs. Van Buff to see Captain Valentine's Corot?"

Miss Eulalie could hardly refuse—why should she?—and Isabel returned in ecstasies with the mediæval furniture, the Persian draperies, the wonderful carved ivories, the carpets like woodland moss, the Oriental rugs, and skins of ant-eaters and tawny lions.

"It is just heavenly," she said. "It makes home look squalid and mean. It makes me low-spirited to come back. Why did you let me go, Miss Eulalie? And the elm-tree *does* interfere with his view more or less; but what of that? He has everything else. He can gallop to the sea in half an hour. Such horses! I've always longed for a saddle-horse. Captain Valentine has promised to lend me a safe one."

And day after day he kept his word, and brought his horses round for Miss Isabel to try, or left flowers and fruits that fairly inundated the small house; or perhaps he gathered the young people together, and gave a fete under his trees, with dancing on the broad veranda hung with festoons of Chinese lanterns; and sometimes Miss Eulalie was obliged to chaperon Isabel, and sit, a faded wall-flower, in the house of her old suitor.

"I wonder why Captain Valentine never married?" said Isabel, after one of these fetes. "I wonder how it seems to be so everlasting rich; to have no worry about money; to ——"

"Isabel," warned Miss Eulalie, "you care too much for money. There are better things."

"Mention one, please."

"You will think I am a sentimental old woman, but love is better a thousand-fold."

"I don't know. Love is very nice, but if you must go without everything else, without pretty gowns and jewels and splendor, give me money."

"You are too young to choose. Pretty gowns, jewels and splendor, lose their charm when you are used to *them*, but love outlasts everything."

But Miss Eulalie's words were wasted. "I love money," Isabel confessed; "I adore clothes. I don't know about love."

In spite of all that had happened, Miss Eulalie was quite unprepared when Isabel said to her: I've something to tell you. I dare say you know it already, though. I am going to marry Captain Valentine, and wear cashmeres and sapphires, and go abroad, and never have to count my change again. Congratulate me."

"You are joking," cried Miss Eulalie.

"Then it's the best joke in the world! It's no joke to the other girls, let me tell you."

"You are going to marry Captain Valentine? Do you know that he is old enough——"

"To know better."

"Do you love him, Isabel?"

"I like him well enough. I love his money."

"Isabel, don't do it. You will sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. I can't allow it; the *idea* of you marrying him! It is too preposterous, too mercenary. Why, he was once a lover of my own," pursued Miss Eulalie, forgetting herself.

"Why didn't you marry him and save me the trouble?" asked Isabel. "But perhaps he was poor then?"

"It was not that."

"What then? You loved somebody else?"

"I don't mind telling you now, Isabel. I had another lover—Anson Andrews. I've never gotten over it. There have been weeks and months when I've tried with all my soul to forget him—to unlove him. He and Captain Valentine sailed together in the Water Witch, and when Captain Valentine returned he brought me all the trinkets and letters I had sent Anson Andrews, but never a word more."

"You dear old faithful thing! you shall dress in satin de Lyon and thread lace; we shall live in the lap of luxury; and I'll send word to Anson Andrews if he is at farthest Thule. How oddly things turn out! Fancy me marrying your cast-off lover!"

"Isabel, I beg you not to——"

"Not marry Captain Valentine just because I'm not in love? Perhaps I never shall be in love. You would have me give up so much for a mere sentiment. You mustn't expect everybody to have as intense feelings as yourself. I couldn't remember a man fifteen years if he were the Great Mogul himself."

Captain Valentine and Isabel were married in the little parlor of the old house, shaded by the old elm-tree, which made pretty dancing shadows on the wall. It was a most informal affair; and when it was over, and the clergyman had pocketed his fee, and the bride was trying on her traveling hat, Miss Eulalie stepped into the garden to draw a long breath. What were the workingmen doing there at that hour?

"Go into the house, Miss Eulalie," said Captain Valentine. "I am going to celebrate my wedding day. Isabel has made me a wedding gift of the old elm-tree, and I'm cutting it down to burn on the hearth at The Towers, while we look out at the 'dreary winter sea.' Miss Eulalie, when you thwart a Valentine, you do it at your peril. Do you think I married Isabel for love? Revenge is sweeter than love. When you refused to marry me, I swore I would make you repent in dust and ashes."

Miss Eulalie turned silently toward the house, but paused to look back from the doorway. There was a crash, and when a strange blur had cleared away from before her eyes, Captain Valentine lay dead beneath a great arm of the tree, which had snapped as it fell.

"I feel so awfully wicked," said Isabel, some months later, awed and ashamed at finding herself in possession of the coveted wealth without the burdensome conditions. "I've been looking over his papers with Mr. Billings, the executor, and we ferreted out this letter. It's from Anson Andrews. I thought it explained something; at any rate you might like to see it. It's dated Australia, a year ago."

"DEAR VAL" (Miss Eulalie read)—"Here I am, leagues from home, but possessed with an unquenchable longing to hear from the old place, and a homesickness which no money can relieve. Sometimes when I'm smoking in my bungalow, alone, I fancy I am home again under the old elm-tree with Eulalie, still young, with hope in my soul, and presently I awake from the day-dream and berate myself soundly for allowing the old wound to throb and ache. Believe me, old boy, in spite of the fifteen years behind us, my bald head and her double-dealing, I cannot think of her and all I've lost without a weight at my heart. I was a happy wight when we shipped on the Water Witch. I'm free to confess I've never seen a happy day since you confided to me that *you* were going to marry Eulalie. I remember how black you looked when I told you she belonged to me, and how we then and there swore we would neither of us marry such a heartless jilt. How have *you* weathered it, messmate? And what has happened to her? Has she befooled any more true lovers? After all I believe that

"'My heart would hear her and beat
Had it lain for a century dead.'

"Write me about her, and if the old elm, where I kissed her first, is still standing. 'Our love is dead, but the tree is alive.' No, love is not dead; I can not slay it; it smoulders and torments me."

"Miss Eulalie," said Isabel, when Eulalie had folded the letter with trembling fingers, "there has been a great wrong done. Mr. Billings and I mean to right it. We mean to send word to Anson Andrews; we are going to tell him what an angel you are. We have talked it all over. And about this money—I couldn't make up my mind to touch a cent of it if I were starving. I shall found a hospital with it. Mr. Billings is to help me. We have talked it all over; I don't care for splendor any longer; I have found out, Miss Eulalie, that love is best."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Hunting Story.

Lieutenant Neville Chamberlain sends to *Field* the following description of an encounter he had with a bison in the woods of the Maharajah of Mysore:

"I had no companion; so took with me one of the local shikaris, named Kampa and another man to carry my spare rifle. My battery consisted of a D. B. 8-bore rifle and a D. B. 12-bore rifle. I took the 8-bore myself, and giving Kampa my 12-bore, crawled up to the herd through the grass. Out of some high grass just in front of me rose a splendid old bull. He was only about twenty yards off, and just moving behind a clump of bamboos, when I fired at the point of his shoulder with the 8-bore. A great stampede took place. The smoke hung in the long grass—which as I knelt was nearly up to my neck—and I could not see to give him the second barrel. I ran forward, but could see nothing; so, still running, I opened the breach of the rifle, threw out the empty cartridge, and was in the act of pushing a fresh cartridge home, when, from behind a small thick lump of bamboos, some five yards from me, and about thirty yards from where I started, I heard a loud snort. Kampa gasped out, 'Karti!' (bison) and vanished; and at once the bull came charging down at me. I only had time, as he hurled himself at me, to spring behind a small tree on my left. He whizzed past like a battering-ram, cutting a large slab of bark out with one of his horns, and turning almost in his own length, was round at me again. This occurred four or five times, but my attention was so fully taken up in dodging him that I could not get the rifle ready for use. To make a long story short, it ended by my catching my foot in a creeper. I fell over backward, and as I rose he ran in and tossed me. One horn—I suppose his left one—fortunately went clean through my breeches and flannel shirt, tearing them to ribbons, and, as far as I can remember, I seemed to sit on his head; while the other horn passed under my right arm. He threw me a long way, and I fell on my back under some bamboos, the rifle dropping out of my hand from the shock of being tossed. I was a good deal shaken and out of breath, but I think my first thought was that now he would leave me if I kept still; but he ran up again and stood over my body, shaking his huge head over my chest. I thought then that it was hopeless. I could think of nothing better to do to protect myself, so sat up and struck him four or five times with my fists on one eye, which I could just reach when his head was down. He shook his head and pushed me back with his nose. I managed then to plant several severe kicks on his muzzle with my heavy hob-nailed boots, and he commenced sparring at my legs with his horns. I did my best to keep them out of the way, but got a few bruises on the shins. This began to get monotonous, and I knew another toss would not find a friendly pair of pants. He was still standing over me when I got in a good volley of hobnails on his nose, shouted at him, and sat up to hit him again; then, to my intense relief, he gave a bellow, left me, and went crashing off down the hill. I never saw the bull again."

They Didn't Sell Stoves.

Four or five weeks ago a woman with an undecided look on her face entered a Detroit hardware store, threaded her way for sixty feet among coal stoves of every pattern and timidly inquired:

"Do you keep stoves here?"

"Yes'm."

"Coal stoves?"

"Yes'm."

She said she had been thinking of getting a coal stove for the winter, and the clerk took her in hand. He showed her how the doors worked and how the dampers were arranged, and the flues situated, and he talked of double drafts, great savings, increased cheerfulness, reduction in price, and all that, and she said she'd think it over and drop in again.

In about three days the woman reappeared and inquired of the very same clerk if they sold coal stoves. He replied that they did sell one now and then, and he cleared his voice and began the usual thirty-minute lecture on the the different kinds of base-burners. The beautiful nickel-plate, the place for the tea-kettle, the ornamental legs—the anti-clinker shaker—all points were touched upon and praised and explained, and the woman said she wouldn't take one along under her arm just then, but would call again. She called that same week, heard the same lecture from the same clerk and started for the bank to draw the money to pay for a base-burner. That was the last seen of her for a week. Then she walked softly in and innocently inquired:

"I suppose you keep coal stoves?"

"No ma'am."

"Not any kind?"

"Not a one. We used to, but went out of the business a year ago."

There were twenty coal stoves on the floor, but if she saw them she didn't let on. She heaved a sigh of disappointment, glanced around her, and went slowly out with the remark:

"Well, I don't know as I want to buy one, but I thought it wouldn't do any arm to look at some of the latest makes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Black Cashmere, Camel's-hair, Etc.

A nice black wool dress has become almost indispensable in a lady's outfit, and is valued alike by the young and old. For young the present fancy is to brighten black dresses with facings and vests of colored cashmere, or to wear an entire basque of a gay color, or else a Jersey waist, but the greater number of black wool dresses are now made in the simple styles adopted for cloth dresses, as these are more serviceable because less likely to go out of fashion, and are inexpensive because they require no trimming but stitching, or else very simple braiding. The cashmere of nice quality, and jet black without a blue cast, is of itself so pleasing a fabric that trimming is not needed to enhance its beauty, but the tubular braids many rows of soutache, or a small quantity of galloon made of twisted cords, or some velvet folds are generally added to camel's hair dresses. If a combination is liked better, or there are partly worn skirts of last season to be remodeled, the wool goods is used for a panier polonaise or a pelisse with [illegible] and collar of the material of the skirt. The Jersey webbing that is sold by the yard is also purchased for a waist to be used with woolen skirts; in single widths this is now sold for $1.50 a yard, and is made up with few seams, and more snugly fitted than less elastic fabrics, as it clings and expands with the figure. Some young ladies add a collar, wristbands, and sash of dark red, bright Turkey red, or turquoise blue cashmere to complete these waists; the buttons are usually black and very small. Plush that is no longer the first fashion, is now used for the skirt, with camel's-hair for the over-dress. The skirt may be perfectly plain, with a narrow box-plaiting of camel's-hair at the foot, or it may have some lengthwise plaits added in the front or sides where the over-dress discloses it, or it may have most of its fullness in two great box-plaits behind, and the cloth-like over-garment be cut with long side gores, and a short postilion back that is cut off straight across on the tournure. This makes a warm looking winter dress for ladies who do not find the tailor-made suits becoming. The woolen repped stuffs that are liked best have the reps lengthwise instead of across the fabric, because they are more easily cleansed by brushing downward; these are similar to what was formerly called Biarritz cloth, but the reps are more prominent. Beaded trimmings are not liked for black wool dresses, the ladies who consider expense think it a risk to buy jet trimmings, because they have been worn so long. The embroideries done on the fabric are liked for more costly black dresses of cashmere or of camel's-hair.

The Henrietta cloths that were formerly confined to ladies dressing in mourning are now used by those wearing colors when a very rich fabric is desired, and the trimming is the silk Spanish lace with heavy corded designs on meshes of guipure. Shirring in broad masses is no longer used on woolen skirts, though the slightly shirred scarf draperies, or the fronts of the basque shirred upon a vest, are still popular. Tucks around the skirt and on the over-skirt are more used even than last season, and quite rival the lengthwise plaits. This is especially true of French dresses, as the Parisian dressmakers have lately made the entire front and side breadths of half-inch tucks in cashmere costumes not only in black, but in colors. The effect is that of horizontal braiding, and the edge is trimmed with a ruche or with a narrow box-plaiting. Vests are worn in such varied shapes this season that they afford excellent ways of freshening up a partly worn basque. A velvet, corduroy, velveteen or brocaded velvet vest may be appropriately added to almost any wool, or silk, or satin basque. If the bottoms and holes are frayed, a Breton vest is most useful, as it is all in one piece, or may have a seam down the middle, and can be sewed on the right side with a slight edging of cord passementerie, and is lapped across to the left, where it is met by similar trimming, and may be fastened by hooks and loops, or there may be a row of small buttons down each side. If the skirt front is also worn, a breadth of velvet may be inserted there in similar fashion, and the vagaries of the styles are such that a bit of chenille or jetted fringe may be used at the foot of this breadth, even though it does not appear elsewhere on the dress; indeed, there is a fancy for leaving the wide side breadths without any trimming at the foot, no matter how elaborately the other parts of the skirt may be trimmed. If the Breton vest is not liked, there can be a narrower vest put under scallops of the dress waist, or with a ruche to conceal the join, or there may be a more masculine-shaped vest, with double points in front, and slits for watch and change pockets. This vest is sewed in the under-arm seams, and is often of brocade, with the cashmere front of the basque drawn back gradually from just beneath the collar. Two gathered frills of doubled ottoman silk or of satin, each an inch and a half wide, and both turned toward the left side, and placed down the basque from neck to waist line, are tasteful trimmings for any waist, and will conceal the soiled front of a dress of last year.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Struggle with a Bear.

While Harry Tucker and Wellington Sprague, conductors of the Maine Central Railroad, together with Orville A. Robinson and A. Q. Leach, of Portland, were on a hunting expedition at the forks of the Kennebec a few days ago, they suddenly encountered a monstrous bear, which gave a savage snarl, and then started for them. The young men had no heavy ammunition, but they made quick use of what they had, pouring hot shot into bruin's body. Quickly reloading, they all fired again. This second round enraged the bear, and she howled fiercely. Finally the fighting came to close quarters, and the hunters attacked the infuriated beast with the butts of their rifles. Tucker broke the stock of his rifle short off at the first blow. This reminded him of a monster pocket-knife which he had purchased at Bingham. Taking that out, he ordered his companions to once more hold the attention of the bear while he crawled behind her. The bear now stood erect on her haunches, and the three men were engaging her attention as much as they dared to do. Tucker rushed up behind her and plunged the knife deep into her side twice, his companions in the mean time rushing for her with their guns. The moment she felt Tucker behind her she turned and made a grab for his shoulder, just catching his coat and heavy shirt in her teeth. Before she could do more the stabs in her side had done their work, and she fell dead with Tucker's clothing still in her teeth.—*Boston Journal.*

—Grumblers never work, and workers never grumble.—*Dr. Williams.*

Fees at German Hotels.

I cannot better give an idea of the manner in which strangers are fleeced by the hotels than to give an experience of myself and a friend in Leipsic recently. We put up at a first class hotel, and took rooms on the second floor. It was a very chilly evening when we arrived, and I rang for the waiter, and told him I would like to have a fire in the stove. He bowed and retired. My friend was visiting some friends in the city, and I was left alone. After waiting to hear something about the fire for about fifteen minutes I rang again, and the waiter appearing I asked him if it was not possible to have a fire made this evening, or must I wait for some other evening. He told me that the houseman was very busy, but he would see. This was a plain bid for a fee, so I gave him a mark and told him to hurry up with the fire. Three minutes later the houseman appeared, and inside of ten minutes there was a blazing fire in the room. The houseman stood at the door before retiring, and hinted as [illegible] that he wanted a fee, but I paid no attention to him. He went out and returned in a few minutes, when he deliberately carried off the hod of coal which was intended to replenish my fire. I rang again and the waiter came. I told him I must have coal. The houseman returned with the coal, stood in the door-way and hinted for a fee, and this time I was compelled to comply with his demand. I was afraid that if I refused to fee him he would carry off the stove. Before we had retired that night we had feed the chambermaid for bringing in a lamp instead of a candle, we had feed two waiters, and we had feed the houseman.

Next morning as we descended the stairs we observed a "portier" pulling a bell string. He detained us in the hallway for a few seconds, and in the meantime nearly all the employes of the house gathered around us. They wanted some more fees, and the "portier" had pulled the bell-string so as to call them together. We gave them a trifle all around and left. My friend, who was born and bred in Leipsic, told me then what I have since learned from actual experience, that this beggarly system of doing business is common throughout Central Europe. Why the proprietors tolerate it is something I do not know, unless the fees are divided with them afterward. The native Germans are as thoroughly disgusted with the fee business as the strangers, and almost as often victimized.

It may be thought by those who have never had any experience of this kind, that it would not be a very difficult matter to refuse to pay fees unless you wished to do so. It is not difficult. You can refuse to pay fees unless you feel inclined to do so. You can walk in Chicago, if you do not care to hang on by your eye-brows to the roof of a street-car. You can stay at home in Chicago if you do not care to run the risk of being shot. You needn't live in Chicago if you don't like the streets. You can be just as independent in Germany as you are in Chicago. You can order the waiters around, and tell them they are already paid for their services; or you can tell the "portier"—the biggest nuisance around a European hotel, and almost as insolent as the hotel clerk in America—flatly, that you will not pay twice for everything; that you will not give any fees. You may disappoint the "portier" and the waiters, and the rest of them, but in the long run you succeed only in making yourself miserable.

There are two kinds of fees the judicious and the injudicious fee. You must learn to put your money where it will do the most good. The judicious fee will sometimes secure you the greatest comfort; it will always assist in making your stay in a hotel agreeable. The injudicious fee may occasionally have a good effect, but usually it only protects you from annoyance without giving you any other satisfaction. Generally Americans are injudicious in the distribution of their favors. They usually give too much and too often. Frequently they give large fees to persons who do not expect them, and small ones to those who do. The result is dissatisfaction, and you will see it in your beefsteak, in your coffee, in your tea, in your cigars, or in your wine. Then there are people who give fees as a matter of course. They are taken as a matter of course, and no benefit is derived from them. Others give fees in an improper spirit. They allow the recipient to see that the fee is not given cheerfully, and the services which are given in return for it are not given cheerfully either.

The experienced tourist or traveler will always find out, in the first place, the persons upon whom he will be dependent for the numerous little comforts so essential to one's happiness in a European hotel. He will give them a little at first—just enough to make them cheerful—and *promise* them more. If he makes the right kind of promise his attendants will do their best to earn his good will. It is much better to allow them to live in hope of a future reward than to pay them before they have earned anything. If they think that you have given them all you intend to give, they soon forget that you have given them anything, and become careless regarding your happiness.—*Chemnitz Cor. Chicago News.*

A Plucky Soldier.

Private Hinkson, a reserve man belonging to the royal Irish brigade attached to the Gordon Highlanders, bayoneted seven men during the charge of Tel-el-Kebir, and was afterward attacked by three Egyptian officers. A bullet was sent through his right cheek and passed out of his neck, but he succeeded in bayoneting two. Before he killed the third another bullet struck him almost in the same place, opening the first wound and following a similar direction.

While lying on the ground he was fired at again by an Arab, but was rescued by two men of the army service corps, with only a slight additional injury to one of his fingers. He suffered from lockjaw for three days, and how he recovered is marvelous. It is thought that he will receive a distinguished conduct medal.—*London Telegraph.*

—Robert Harris, a poor boatman, found 300 Spanish doubloons under the stump of a tree near the Pamlico River, in North Carolina, the other day. The finding of the coin has caused great excitement. Harris was offered $5,000 for his treasure. During the past hundred years periodical searches have been made on desolate sand-bars and islands on the North Carolina coast for treasure supposed to have been buried by the pirates, Captains Kidd and Blackbeard. From time to time money has been found.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—All the Justices of the United States Supreme Court are now keeping house in Washington, including Justice Gray, who is a bachelor.

The Morgue of St. Bernard.

The great curiosity at the monastery of the Mount St. Bernard is the morgue. If the day is a little warm the brother who attends to visitors hesitates a bit before opening the door of the wooden house just outside the chief building. He first drives away the dogs, who come prowling about, snuffing the air suspiciously, and has them shut into their room opposite the huge refectory. Then he marshals the little company of international tourists in line before the mysterious door, and opens the chamber of horrors. The keen mountain air rushes in, and presently you are conscious of a faint, sickly odor—not strong enough to be repulsive, but eminently suggestive of death. Then, as you stand there peering with strained eyeballs into the darkness, you become vaguely conscious that a face is looking at you. I defy any one who is possessed of the smallest grain of imagination to see that mysterious face growing slowly out of the obscurity without a sudden sinking of the heart and a chill which no effort of the will can suppress. It is the face of a woman—and yet of a ghost; a kind of corporeal presence divested of life and yet so horribly like life that you are almost afraid the bony and skinny frame to which it belongs will arise and stretch out its dreadful arms, and drag you down into the depths which you so instinctively shun. The good brother does not say anything; he watches the effect of this curious spectacle upon you. Pretty soon you can discern that the face belongs to the body of a woman—and that this woman is clasping to her breast the form of a tiny babe. The mother is seated on the ground, and appears to be dazed by the light pouring down into her darksome habitation. But oh! the horror of her face! Here is death without a decay; here, in this wondrous air, on this pass more than eight thousand feet above the sea level, putrefaction is unknown; and bodies found in the snows in winter—or after the white shroud has melted away from the bosom of nature in the spring—are preserved entire so long as the monks care to keep them. The grimness of the spectacle is enhanced by the fact that nearly every body found is contorted, twisted, strained and knotted in fantastic shape. Now and then one which bears all the appearance of tranquil sleep is brought in; but in most cases there are indications that man and woman; in their battle with nature, fought hard and desperately and refused to be overcome until every particle of force was exhausted. The brethren gather up the bodies with tender care and place them in the dead-house in the usually vain hope that some relatives may come to recognize them. Where is the father of the child which this strange spectral mother clasps in her arms? What was the history of the woman who had thus wandered in the wild winter from the Rhone valley toward the kinder and warmer Italian slopes? Perhaps her husband was with her—and perhaps his body now lies at the bottom of some precipice where even the "pious monks of Saint Bernard" cannot find him—or perhaps he is here, in the dead-house; perhaps that prostrate body, seeming to grovel on the rocky floor, is his. The peasants rarely carry any paper which can completely identify them, and sometimes the unfortunates found dead in the pass led such wandering lives—going to Switzerland for harvest work in the summer, and to Italy when the winter nips them—that their passports even give no clew to their birthplaces or native villages.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

Flat Feet.

The chief surgeon of the Swiss Federal army declares that the Swiss examining surgeons are compelled to reject every year 800 recruits—the strength of a battalion—for malformation of the foot resulting from wearing badly-fitting shoes. The human foot is in reality a bow so elastic that at every step it expands and contracts, lengthens and shortens. A line drawn through the center of the great toe should intersect the heel. But, despite all the books which have ever been written on the anatomy of the organ in question, those whose business it is to cover it act as if the foot were a solid piece of mechanism. They cabin, crib and confine the big toe, which requires room for lateral expansion, until it is forced against its neighbors and is tortured by corns, bunions, and sometimes painful inflammation of the joints. Flat-footedness is due to many causes connected with improperly-made shoes; yet, if people would insist on their foot gear being constructed so as to allow the toes free action and the instep its due play, it would be quite possible to cure the mischief.

A pair of perfect shoes, the Swiss Medical Colonel contends, should, when placed together, touch only at the toes and heels; the soles should follow the sinuosities of the feet, and to give room for their expansion, should exceed them by about one "size." The peculiar, awkward running gait of women and big girls is due to a weak-kneedness characteristic of the sex, owing to the different way the upper supports of their limbs grow as they approach to maturity. This condition is well seen in pictures and statues, and forces the woman in running to move the knees around each other, and throw the feet out in succession of small semi-circles. In men, on the contrary, the knee-cap looks a little outward, instead of straight forward, and their knees are quite free. The result of the high-heeled, high-legged boots now in vogue for women is to render the natural condition a deformity, and by throwing the weight of the body on the inner ankle, to break down the arch of the foot and produce flat-foot, or complete evenness of one or both feet.

A Woman Rescues a Boy in Mid Ocean.

A short time ago, Mrs. G. A. D. McArthur Campbell, formerly a resident of Coonamble, distinguished herself by a deed of admirable bravery. Mrs. Campbell was a passenger in a steamer from Hong Kong to one of the northern ports of Queensland, and one day a boy about four years of age, to whom the lady was much attached, fell overboard, the accident occurring through a sudden lurch of the vessel. With the exception of Mrs. Campbell and the man at the wheel all the passengers and crew were at dinner. Without waiting for a life buoy or divesting herself of any clothing, and simply saying to the man at the wheel: "Don't tell the child's mother," Mrs. Campbell plunged into the water, swam to the boy, and held him up till both were rescued, the steamer having been promptly stop and a boat lowered. Neither the lady nor boy was much the worse for the immersion.—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

—An Indianapolis woman, asking for a divorce after twenty-eight months of married life, says of her husband: "Of his home he made a prison, of his wife a prisoner, and of himself a prison guard."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The British Debt.

The popular conception of the National debt is that it amounts on a rough estimate to £[illegible]00,000,000, and that all efforts to reduce it have touched only a small fraction of it. The accounts, however, prove that for the past quarter of a century—in fact, since the winding-up of the charges of the Crimean War—the reduction of debt has gone on steadily from year to year. In 1857-'58 the total amount was £83[illegible],000,000; in 1865-'66, at the close of Mr. Gladstone's most brilliant period of financial administration, it was brought down to £815,000,000; in 1868-'69, when the Conservatives had held office for three years, it had fallen to £803,000,000; in 1873-'74, a greater advance had been made and the debt stood at £782,000,000; and in 1875-'76, the process having been uninterrupted by the change of Government, at £772,000,000. At this point there was a turn in the tide, due mainly to the exigencies of foreign politics, and until the last financial year, 1881-'82, the debt never stood at so low a figure as in 1875-'76. [illegible] it was £768,700,000, and for the present year the official estimate fixes the amount at £763,000,000—that is, £76,000,000 less than the debt as it stood five-and-twenty years ago.

This is not an inconsiderable reduction, even if the character of the burden were precisely the same as that to which the Nation was subject at the close of the Crimean war. But, as Mr. Hubbard has pointed out in one of his instructive letters which was lately printed on this subject, a large part of the debt created in recent years, which has diminished the apparent net reduction, is represented by certain valuable assets unlike anything to be found on the right side of the account of 1857. For example, the purchase of the rights and property of the telegraph companies by the State involved the creation of nearly £11,000,000 worth of stock, but in exchange for this the Government has obtained possession of a paying concern, at present actually yielding a profit equal to the interest on the stock created for this purpose, and giving fair promise of a much larger return. Again, the money raised for the purchase of the late Khedive's Suez Canal shares figures as a temporary increase of the debt in 1876; but the shares, it is admitted were always full value for the £4,000,000 which were paid for them, and are now, if it were expedient to part with them, worth a great deal more. M. de Lesseps reminded us the other day that the original 500-franc shares are now worth about 2,700 francs each in the open market, and though of course the shares held by the British Government stand in a different position from the ordinary shares, because interest at five per cent. is paid upon them by the Egyptian Government, and not by the company, and the regular coupons have been alienated for several years to come, it is still obvious that they share in the increase of value due to the success of the enterprise. Another element in the debt which is rather apparent than real is the amount representing "loans recoverable," which Mr. Hubbard reckons at over £28,000,000. The official return shows that in the quarter of a century the total decrease in the debt, "not taking into account the amount of debt created for special purposes," was over £119,000,000. But the "special purposes" in question include such unproductive expenditure as that upon fortifications and army localization, which, however necessary and defensible, have procured the country nothing in the shape of a realizable and recoverable asset. Taking, however the assets that may be properly set off against debt—the telegraph property, the Suez Canal shares, and the loans to public bodies—there is a sum of not less than £43,000,000 to be substracted from the £763,000,000, which is the nominal amount of the debt at the present time. Mr. Hubbard insists upon another point in which, he maintains, the official figures unfairly exaggerate the burden upon the community. The amount of the ordinary stocks is computed at par, and certainly there seems to be no reason for assuming that the Government will be able to extinguish their three per cents. below par. But besides the ordinary stocks there are the terminable annuities, which in calculating the capital of the debt have to be reduced to cash value. It is an easy actuarial operation to determine the cash value of the terminal annuities. But in the official return it is estimated as if invested in three per cent. stock at an assumed price of 93.3. It is difficult to understand why this imaginary conversion is made at a price which has no practical relation to the present value of consols. If the Government had really to sell or buy three per cent. stock, it would have to deal upon the basis of a price ranging within a fraction, one way or the other, of par. Mr. Hubbard appears to be justified in his criticisms upon the incongruity of lumping together in the computation of the aggregate debt ordinary stocks and unfounded debt all reckoned as payable at par, and the capital value of the terminable annuities supposed to be invested at nearly eight per cent. below par. If the value of the terminable annuities be supposed to be represented like the rest of the debt, by three per cent. stock at par instead of at 93.3, another deduction of over £2,000,000 must be made from the total. In that case, the actual burden of the debt will be found to be about £718,000,000, or £120,000,000 less than the amount owing by the State a quarter of a century ago.—*London Times.*

Fires in the Woods—Don't Start One.

A friend of ours once had a startling experience in a clearing on the southern shore of Lake Superior. Sitting on a large log, twenty feet long, he thoughtlessly held the lighted end of a cigar upon the half rotten surface, and went away without noticing the effect. The next day at the same hour, passing by the spot, he was astounded to find the huge trunk nearly consumed, and all glowing with an intense heat. The fire had silently eaten its way through and through the log, and nothing but its chance isolation prevented a disastrous forest fire, which might have laid waste half a dozen counties and destroyed a thousand homes.

Everyone who goes into the woods—every hunter, chopper, logger, picnic party, rambler, botanist, should bear in mind that a spark may cause a conflagration, as ruinous as that which occurred in Michigan last year.

The forests of the United States still yield annually four hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of merchandise, and furnish employment to one million persons. This is the least of their usefulness to us. They prevent the too rapid evaporation of the rain; they retard the melting of the snow, thus preventing destructive floods, garnering up the water for safe and gradual use, and keeping the mountain springs ever full and fresh. Let us unite in guarding this precious inheritance.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Bishop Borgess, of Michigan, has issued a pastoral forbidding the marrying of Catholics and Protestants under pain of excommunication.—*Detroit Post.*

—Livingstone Hall, of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., was dedicated recently. The cost of the structure, $60,000, was provided for by a bequest of Mrs. M. E. Stone, of Malden, Mass.

—The Government of Japan have resolved on the establishment of 53,760 primary schools. The whole empire is divided into eight collegiate departments, with one college to each department. Even children under six years of age will be compelled to attend the primary school.

—The Palestine Colonization and Christian Missionary Association has been incorporated at Boston. It is formed for the purpose of colonizing Palestine with industrious and energetic Christians, and by their prudence, labor and perseverance restoring it to its former grandeur.—*Boston Post.*

—A fashionable church in [illegible] has an "invalid room," a luxurious apartment near the pulpit, but out of sight of the congregation, where invalids can sit, lie down, walk around, leave or enter at any time without disturbing any one else, yet at the same time be able to hear the entire service.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—A day or two ago, during a grammar lesson in one of our public schools, the teacher asked the pupils to form a sentence using a relative pronoun. Among the answers the subjoined came from a sharp little urchin: "I met my cousin." On being asked where was the relative pronoun, the lad looked up and said: "My cousin is a relative."—*Boston Traveller.*

—The gift of John F. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., of $1,000,000 for the educational benefit of the freedmen of the South, is now in charge of the trustees of the fund, which is now incorporated under the laws of New York State. Ex-President Hayes is the president of the board and its other members are Chief Justice Waite, William E. Dodge, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, Daniel C. Gilman, John A. Stewart, Alfred H. Colquitt, Morris K. Jesup, James P. Boyce and William A. Slater.

—The wealthy Methodists of Philadelphia who are building the new Trinity Church have planned an extraordinary edifice which is not a copy of any other on earth. The new building will have under one roof the church auditorium, the Sunday-school, the dining-room, and all the conveniences that advanced architectural ingenuity suggest or liberal expenditure procure. The style is Gothic, with a profusion of stained-glass windows. One majestic polychromatic window is to be twenty feet wide and forty feet high, admitting a flood of many-colored light. The church will seat about 1,500 persons, but is so connected with the Sunday-school room that the two can be thrown into one, thus accommodating more than 3,000 persons. Bishop Simpson laid the corner-stone for the new building.—*Chicago Tribune.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—An exchange prints a long article about "Courting in the last Century." It has no interest for the man whose courting days are over. He'd rather know something about courting in the next century.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Up to a dozen years ago it was generally believed all over the world that a cat could kill a sleeping child by sucking its breath. Twenty years hence no one will believe that dropping the dishcloth brings bad luck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Heard at the Conundrum Club: "What is the difference between a frigid undulation and a den in the forest?" The prize answer was, "One is a cold wave, and the other is a wold cave." Music by the band.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Among the presents received by the bride at a recent New York wedding was an order for twenty tons of coal. Probably it was from the unsuccessful suitor who felt that he owed the girl's family about that amount of fuel.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A New York stone cutter received the following epitaph from a German to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife: "Mine vife Susan is dead. If she had lived till nex' Friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so it must stan'."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A female, young or old, who does a man's work ought to get a man's pay.—*Boston Globe.* "True; and if you will look at the new fall styles you will perceive that many women who don't do a man's work are getting a pretty good share of a man's pay.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A resident of Yorkville recently found a basket on the sidewalk at his house. It was covered with linen. He grasped it quickly, and rushed to the station-house, crying, "A doctor! It still lives! For I saw it kicking through the linen!" At that moment a woman rushed into the station-house, shrieking, "Mein Gott in himmel! Vy for you run away mit my Limberger cheese?"—*Farm and Fireside.*

—Husband and wife have been having a little tiff. Finally the good man engulfs his head in his hat and makes for the door, deadly determination visible in every outflying tail of his coat. "When'll you be back, my dear?" hazards the meek partner of his wedded life. "Whenever I please, madam!" "Do try and not be any later than that if you can help it!" is her meek reply.—*Exchange.*

—"Have you any black ladies' cloth?" she asked, ambling up to the counter and focusing her glasses on the mild-mannered clerk. "No, ma'am," he answered, civilly, "but we have a choice article in camel's hair." "Do I look as if I'm in need of camel's hair?" she asked, leaning over a counter. "See here, young man, when I want hair I know enough to go to a hair store and buy it! You can't get off any of your dead circus stock on me! Camel hair, indeed!" and she flounced off before the dazed clerk could recover his wits and explain.—*Danbury News.*

All in One.

"Father," he suddenly observed, as he threw an ear of corn into the basket and warmed his fingers by blowing on them, "they say there is a good deal of politics in town just now."

"Is, eh?"

"Yes, and they have speeches almost every night."

"Do, eh?"

"Yes, and bonfires."

"Bonfires? That puts me in mind. We'll build one in the lot and husk corn every night after this until we finish up the job! Lucky that you happened to mention the name. We'll bonfire and husk and politics all at the same time.—*Exchange.*

THE HICKMAN COURIER.

HICKMAN. : : KENTUCKY

THANKSGIVING.

When the orchards with blossoms were blushing,
The willows unrolling their leaves,
And the fields with the tender wheat flushing
That soon would be waving with sheaves,
Not then went the toiler to labor,
The task of subduing the earth,
With the sound of the pipe and the tabor,
With anthems of joyance and mirth.

Nor yet when processional flowers
Passed on through the light or the gloom,
When the vivid and picturesque hours
Laughed out in a splendor of bloom,
When the oriole, royal and golden,
Flashed forth like a gem in the sun,
Still man by stern duty was bolden,
Not yet was the victory won.

When the vines on the trellis were burdened
With clusters all purple and sweet;
When the hand of the worker was guerdoned
With bounty of harvesting wheat;
When wide over mountain and valley
The banners of autumn, unfurled
In a vast and magnificent rally,
Shed lustre and passion and red;—

Then pausing to think of the story
Of promise, fulfillment and cheer,
The hope and the faith and the glory,
The crown of the beautiful year,
From the stress of our every-day living,
The strain of our hurrying days,
We break, and uplift a thanksgiving
To God, who is worthy of praise.

And what if the storms lie before us,
The days that are dreary and cold,
Since the love that is brighter than crystal
Guards ever the young and the old,
Still answers the earnest endeavor
With more than a measured reward,
And suffers our weariness never
To slip from the grasp of the Lord.

So, silver-haired father and mother,
So, middle-age sturdy and strong,
So, dear little sister and brother,
Join voices and hearts in the song;
To the sound of the pipe and the tabor
Weave chorals of gladness and mirth,
For the harvest may rest from his labor,
And plenty hath dowered the earth.

THE WIDOW'S FESTIVAL.

How long the days were!

Day after day he had lain there, weak, suffering, patient, enduring all things, and rewarding all care with a look of tender gratitude, a faint hand-pressure, now and then a word of thanks.

The accident had been dreadful. Through the carelessness of a switchtender a fast train had left the track and plunged over a high trestle-work. Thirty people were killed at once and at least fifty injured. Among the latter this man, Judge Seymour, was hurt worst of all. Others had broken bones and bruised muscles; some were taken up senseless, and, lingering unconscious for a day or two, died without returning to their senses—a merciful dispensation; but the physicians in his case pronounced the spine seriously hurt and feared internal injuries. He might recover, and he might not. Time would show.

He was a vigorous man, of middle age, with a lovely, loving wife and three children, just elected Governor of his native State; full of plans for a career he meant to make noble and useful. His reputation was wide and lofty; his personal friends numerous and warm; he had a moderate fortune and a pleasant home. What more could life offer him? Yet here he lay, the victim of a man's carelessness.

It seemed to his wife that with him all she cared for was fading away. Her children were about her; but they were young. They leaned on her, and she had clung to her husband for help to bear the cares and burdens of living, till she grew, as a vine grows, weak of stem, unable to stand alone, prostrate if unaided. Now she was wearing out with a strain of suspense and anxiety; trying to keep her face calm and her hands steady; leaving the bedside only when flesh and spirit could bear the stress no longer and to stay would have been dangerous to her husband and agony unendurable to her.

So it went on, day after day. Sometimes he was better, or she thought so; oftener he was worse. The alterations of hope and fear tortured her, and, watching the minute symptoms, the momentary aspects, the most trivial details, she lost all power to generalize and comprehend the case. She did not see that he gained nothing in reality, that no day found him stronger; but that every week he lost something and suffered some new pain. But the end came, and to her came suddenly. She was called from her troubled sleep to find him unconscious, to see him die, speechless, unrecognizing, blind. Years before, in driving slowly past a little country graveyard, a new monument erected to the memory of a young man killed by the caving in of a sand-quarry had caught her eye. She knew the inscription and recalled the name she saw; but the fence hid all but the first line of the epitaph, which ran:

"Without one parting word."

It had touched her deeply at the time and often since; but now she knew what it meant. Over and over it rang in her ear and moved her silent lips as she buried her head in the pillow beside her dead and longed to be dead, too. But the children called from without. Life challenged her even in her despair. They must not enter. So she rose and went out to them and told them. They were children. They could not even know what death was, and their questions, their incredulity, their want of grief, that was ignorance instead of heartlessness, stung her to the quick. She was not generous or sympathetic enough to understand them, and for the first time she felt a fierce impatience of their presence and sent them all away to the nursery. Then she was quite alone and began to know it.

But why should I describe the dire experience we have almost all been through, in some form? What I have to do with is Mrs. Seymour's life after the funeral pageant was over, the grave green, the children taught their sorrow by those about them and then comforted out of it into practical forgetfulness. But Eleanor Seymour did not forget; time did not comfort her. She felt day after day more deeply the loss of her life; she fathomed its meaning; she knew it past repair; in the language of Scripture, she "refused to be comforted." Her children were rosy, careless, happy, and in health—they had their school and their comrades; but she had made few friends in Salem since they went there to live, at the time she married Mr. Seymour. She was not a women of broad nature, and yet she was intense. She had all she wanted or needed in her husband's affection and society—even the children were secondary to him in her heart; and, though she had acquaintances in her own social sphere and dispensed charity as freely as her means would allow, there was no one now to whom she could open her heart and find therein the relief of "the grief that speaks."

She came home from church one dark November day, had her late dinner, saw the children safe in their beds, and seated herself by the kindled wood fire in the library to spend her solitary evening; for the rain beat fiercely now against the northeast window, and in its gusty pauses the roaring surf sent its thundering echo on the wings of the wind even through the heart of the town. For this reason of the storm she stayed from church to-night; and, as she sat staring into the flicker of the fire, something recalled to her the proclamation for Thanksgiving Day that had been read from the pulpit that afternoon. Her lips smiled with a scorn sadder than tears.

"Thanksgiving!" she murmured. "I keep Thanksgiving!" and her thoughts went back to all the times she had kept that festival in her life, kept it outwardly and in spirit, for she was a good woman, and meant to be a grateful one till three months ago. She remembered her childhood. How long the years seemed then; how she looked forward to the gathering of aunts and uncles and cousins in the old red Greenwich farmhouse; how much a new dress meant and what wonderful viands Grandmother always spread before them.

Then she was a girl, coming home from school, and her brother brought his class-mates home with him—such as had no near homes, at least—"to spend Thanksgiving." So she had met her husband. Her brother was dead long since; and now James. A low cry parted her lips, the fire fell into brands, flickered, grew dull; and she went on with her review of the past. There was her wedding-day—that had been on Thanksgiving. Her mother she had never known. Oscar and she were all the children, and of the three she and her father were left then, and he only lived to see the next feast, the first of her matronhood celebrated in her own house.

Since then were not all her Thanksgivings alike? All full of cheer, gratitude, blessedness? And now——

"I shall not try to have a Thanksgiving," she said, dreamily; and, looking up, saw her husband sitting opposite her in his own chair, which she had never moved from its place by the hearth. Strangely enough, she felt neither surprise nor fear, nor did she remember her loss. It was so customary and natural to see him there that only a full, sweet sense of peace stole over her. She seemed to have just come home, and to be so glad; but he did not smile. He looked at her with tender gravity, and very clearly and slowly repeated a favorite quotation of his:

"Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy," adding, "there are other widows beside you, Nelly."

Other widows! What did he mean? She rose to her feet with a start. A brand fell, blazed up, went out. The chair opposite hers was empty. The clock on the shelf struck nine. It had marked the half hours she remembered, just as the first bands fell together. It was a dream, then. She shivered and came back to life, lit the lamp, fed the dying fire and returned to her new grief. Now because that face had been so real, her gladness so deep, and now it was lost once more, with a fresh bereavement. But, though the tears fell hopelessly and fast from her eyes, and her heart ached anew with the rebellious anguish of loss, still his words kept recurring to her. She had not thought of that before. There were other widows, no doubt—others sorrowing with her sorrow, in kind, if not in degree. She remembered one whom she had been to see in her charitable rounds, and then another, and among her acquaintances she recalled one whose husband had, not long since, died abroad, and another widowed suddenly years ago, and still another who had married an old love when he was smitten with consumption and nursed him to his death. She was startled to see how she had passed by all these sorrows as mere matters of course, without any real sympathy; and a sense of companionship stole upon her, as if, suddenly wrecked on some desert shore, she had met with beings of her own race after long lonely weeks of silence and despair.

Then the thought flashed across her that all these women must dread the recurrence of Thanksgiving, just as she did. Why could she not ask them all to keep the day with her? It would be, at least, a sympathetic, if a sad festivla.

The idea laid hold upon her. It was the first reaching out of the detached tendril toward another and a surer support. She fell asleep, thinking the matter over, and awoke in the morning with a shamefaced sense of some light and interest creeping into her life, hitherto so sacredly wretched. Then she remembered her dream—her husband's sad, grave face. Perhaps she had done wrong in mourning him so devotedly that even her children had been set aside from their place. Possibly it would please him better if she carried out her plan. The children welcomed her with more caresses that morning than for many a long day. With childish instinct they felt she was not so cold or so unwilling to return their tender way. Tina dared to laugh now at the breakfast table, for she smiled with them. She had learned the first letters of the lesson meant for her, and learned them thoroughly; the next were to come. When the early day's duties were over, she sat down again by the library fire—not to dream now, but to plan for action. But, whom should she invite? For she began to see that Mrs. Broome, who lived in the fourth story of a tenement house and earned a precarious living, would hardly be a fit companion at dinner for Mrs. Gray, whose husband, dying in Florence, had left her more money than she could spend and a house and grounds money could scarcely improve. A text from the Bible flashed into her mind, as texts will on the most convenient or inconvenient occasions, sometimes to our aid, sometimes to our confusion: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind."

With a thrill in her dumb and darkened soul, she recognized the Master's call. She was a good woman, at heart a sincere Christian; but her love and her loss had come between her and her duty, her hope of Heaven, her living work. With shame and contrition, she saw her place before God, and recognized her own deserving, and His hand of love and power. It was the work of a moment and had but a moment's sway, for the old anguish came crowding back and surged over her once more, like an angry wave across a wreck. She made her first effort to master it, however, in returning to the thought of Thanksgiving Day. The matter of her guests was settled for her now, and she felt that it would be easier far for her to feel and express sympathy with these sufferers than with persons who must observe the usages and reticences of higher social spheres. So she drew out the old visiting list of poor, so long neglected, and in the afternoon set out on her errand.

Charity of any sort is not always easy or pleasant to administer. The poor, at least in this country, are hedged about with their own self-respect, and a certain barrier of jealous pride, a feeling that they are just as good as anybody else, and will not be condescended to. All this Mrs. Seymour had to contend with, besides the individual traits of character. The shyness, the real humility, the want of fit clothing, the dread of being uncouth, and the natural instinct of refusal to anything proposed by another—that is a marked and almost universal trait of New England character. It was the work of several days, much weariness, more patience and many promises to insure the attendance of six poor widows at her table, who would not have feasted, but probably fasted, at their own homes; but the effort done her good. Her sense of humor awoke, her interest in something beside her own grief was strongly aroused, and the patience that was only retained by a constant inward reference to the Master's brought him more nearly, more dearly to mind every hour, and with him the word of the angel at the sepulcher—a word meant for every mourner at the grave of the body: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here. He is risen!"

It was an invalnable teaching, that long week's experience; and when, at last, Mrs. Broome was certain of a new cap, Mrs. Perkins understood that Mrs. Seymour knew as well as she did that her uncle's widow always sent her a turkey and a squash from Deerfield (when she had them to send) for Thanksgiving; when Mrs. Peck had made her feel that her own ancestors had been much better off in their day than the Seymours, and Mrs. Hutchins really took to heart the fact that Mrs. Seymour could and did want a "poor old oretur" like her to sit at her table and share her feast; when Aunt Hannah Broomfield saw that "Mis' Skuttles, she that was old Jake Brown's darter," although asked would not be well enough to go, so that Aunt Hannah would not have to "demean herself" by the encounter; and, last of all, "Widder Johnson" received the ear-trumpet, without which she refused to enter into the social circle; then Mrs. Seymour felt that there was a weight off her mind, and felt also that she had been a happier and better woman for the last week than for long before. She had, indeed, gone out of that cell of self which isolates us all in a new grief, and tasted once more the light and sweetness of that heavenly day which shines on the evil and the good, but is reflected only from the unselfish and sincere spirit.

The children entered joyfully into the idea of a Thanksgiving so novel, and all the more that their mother told them, with trembling lips, "Papa would like it." Eleanor Seymour had begun to find that her children had not forgotten their father, and that in their tender talk about him, which now she encouraged, after so long a silence, she had heretofore lost a consolation and a pleasure. Faster and faster she was learning.

At last Thanksgiving Day came. Mrs. Broome, smiling in her new cap, and Mrs. Perkins, trying to look blandly indifferent, were the first comers. Then the carriage came again, with lame Mrs. Hutchins, meek and deprecatory, in her alpaca gown; Mrs. Peck, proudly dangling an old miniature of one of her aforesaid ancestors done up as a locket in a pinchbeck setting; and Aunt Hannah Bromfield, as "genteel" as she could make herself in a clean muslin neckerchief and a hair-painted breastpin. "Widder Johnson" lived round the corner only and walked, coming in with a brandished ear-trumpet in her hand and her face beaming. The dinner was a great success. The "baby" of the house sat in his high chair, by mamma; but the elder boy and girl waited on the guests and enjoyed their office.

"Them is sweet children of your'n, Mis' Seymour," sighed Mrs. Broome. "My! if I'd had chick or child, 'twould have been sech a blessin'; but when he died I was the lonesomest.' Seemed as though there wan't nothin'."

"That's so!" chimed in Mrs. Perkins. "I had two on 'em, to be sure, when Perkins was took; but they wan't no comfort to speak of, for they went and had diptheery inside of six months, and one of 'em died right off, just as sudden. T'other one held by quite a spell, but she was the miserablest you ever see. I couldn't feel to keep her here a mite longer. I wanted for her to get rest and easement so."

Eleanor's arm stole round little Jacky, and Mrs. Hutchins said, gently:

"I expect folks each has their special troubles. I can't but remember't when Josiah died and left me nigh about helpless with hip trouble; and the young babe, too. It did seem as though nobody ever had or could have fo trouble like mine, the world over; but somehow I got along, and I found that there was others quite as bad off as I was, 'and the Lord helps the lame and the lazy,' folks say. I do' know about the lazy, but I do about the lame," and a smile and tear together set their bright seal to this confession of faith.

"Well!" said Mrs. Peck, with an audible sniff and a hard, shrill voice. "I din't think I was the worst off that ever was when Mr. Peck died, now I say for t. His folks was real respectable, so to speak; but he was a drinkin' character. I didn't know nothin' of it when we was married. My folks didn't really fell ow ship him. They said he was low-lived and opposed my havin' of him consider'ble; but I was set in my way to have him, and, come to find out, he was a steady. He had the tremors in five years and died on't; and I went out a sewin', to keep body and soul together. There was them that counseled me to marry again, and there was them that asked me to; but I allers said once was enough. I hadn't no pleasant recollections of the state o' matrimony and I wa'n't a goin' to try it no more. I could take care of myself, an' so I could of my eyes hadn't ha' give out a spell ago."

Mrs. Seymour looked at her with infinite pity. Not even a blessed past, a taste of earthly felicity to look back on, but a life all bitter disappointment and grinding work; while she had the dear memory of years underlying her loss.

"You don't none of ye hev jest my trial," said Aunt Hannah Bromfield. "Jeems Bromfield was fust mate to a whalin' ship when we was married. My sakes! what a feller he was to joke an' to carry on! He had means, too. We was real well off. 'Twas kinder harrowin' to hev him up an' off for a three-years' voyage right away, and then he didn't stay to home no time when he did come; but I had twins for to show him when he come back fust, an' you never see a man so pleased. Well, them boys was company for me, you'd better believe. They was always a-talkin' about Pa, an' where he went to an' what he did, and a-tellin' about whales and harpooners, and had their little ships a-sailin' in the tide-pools, rigged as nateral as life; and I declare for't, they trapped a young rat one day. The trap killed it, and I smelt the awfullest smell afore long out 'n the yard, an' they was a-strippin' an' fleusin' an' tryin' up that rat, a-pretendin' 'twas a whale. Makes me laugh now."

And Aunt Hannah drew her yellow silk handkerchief across her eyes, not as if she were laughing.

"Well, 'twas part my fault. I let 'em. It fetched Jeems to mind, somehow, and I didn't hanker after him half so bad when them little tellers was a-chirrupin' and a-carryin' on all the time. But, fust I knowed, they was eighteen year old, and they hadn't seen their Pa more'n five times; but he came back then, and there they was as likely men as you'd see; and he hed money in the bank, and he and Jehiel Styles they clubbed and built a whaler o' their own, and Jeems was cap'en and 'Hiel fust mate, and nothin' would serve but them boys must go along fust voy ge. Well, it's thirty year ago. I'm goin' on sixty-eight now; but I don't like to talk on't. The upshot is, sea and waves roarin' day an' night, and night and day; winds a-blowin' an' tempests howlin', and no more boys, nor husband, nor nothin', and here I be. I do' know so much as where their boues do lie, nor I haven't this thirty year."

There was a dead silence. Nobody felt like breaking it; but little Rachel, who had listened, with her sweet brown eyes wide opened and her lips apart, put both her arms about Aunt Hannah's neck and, with a child's quick wisdom, gave her a resounding kiss.

The old lady laughed.

"That done me real good, pussy," she said.

"I kep' a school for children twenty odd year to Glouecster. I do' know but what I should ha' died but for them. Waitin' is work, now, I tell ye; but I hain't got nothin' to wait for now—only for the sea to give 'em up, and that's pretty far ahead."

The others said nothing. Doubtless, they too had their sorrows, but they would sound tame after Aunt Hannah's; and when tea had been sent in to them, as they gathered round the open fire, and they at last went off in relays in the carriage Eleanor Seymour had sent for them, she sat down in the library and hid her face in her hands. What had she not to be thankful for? Living, loving children, a long, sweet memory of love and care lavished on her, of honest happiness, an ample provision left not only for her needs, but her comforts, and the certainty that her husband was in a better home than the earthly one he had left. He had not perished on the "desolate, rainy seas," with beloved children, helpless to rescue or be rescued beside him; she had been with him to the last, and his grave was made in the bosom of his native earth. How ungrateful, how unthinking, how sinful she had been. Only one cry could burst from her lips: "I do thank Thee! Lord, be merciful to me a sinner."

And it seemed to her, as she lifted her streaming eyes, that she could see her husband's face smiling at her across the fire-place; but it was an imagination, not a dream.

She had, at last, found that her grief did not exceed all other sorrow, that her loss was not unique or immeasurable, that life had still abundant gifts for her and Heaven an ever-brightening promise. Not that she forgot her husband or ceased to mourn for him; but his memory became a sacred treasure, instead of a sharp regret, and her mourning wore the face of a veiled joy, as it led her into the hearts of her fellow-sufferers and taught her how to console them with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God. And neither she nor her guests of that occasion ever forgot her first, but not her last, widowed Thanksgiving.—*Rose Terry Cooke, in N. Y. Independent.*

Live Stock and Prosperity.

The furor among rich fancy farmers for fancy live stock has some absurdities about it, and yet it is, on the whole, exerting an influence very welcome to all who would see farming advanced, particularly in the direction of pleasure and profit. Not many pursuits are thoroughly profitable unless they are loved and enjoyed, and the breeding of improved stock generally calls out a man's admiration and makes him something of an enthusiast. He likes to handle, to look at and to talk about his stock, and when that is the case he doesn't see quite as much of the dark side of farming. An animal, or even a chicken, can be petted more naturally than a field, a fruit tree, or any other inanimate object. A farmer may put upa house or a barn that may be his pride, or lay out and plant a lawn that always pleases, and yet he cannot pet it as he would an animal beautiful in form and color and with eyes of speaking intelligence. And the more things one has to admire or love about one's home the harder it is to break from its associations.

On the contrary, poor stock rather disgusts. We feel no pride in it. It reflects no credit upon us, and so it tempts to more neglect than admiration. It brings neither profit nor pleasure. The mind wanders off to other things, and these may steal away one's interest in his home and farm. This is the danger with boys. If everything is humdrum, if there is little to relieve the daily monotony, lots of hard work, few holidays, few or no pets, and no chance for boyish energy or ingenuity to be exerted, no little "nest-eggs" of money in view, what more natural than for the boys to get discontented with farm life, to compare it with other pursuits, and to vow, perhaps, to go to the city as soon as possible, "where something is going on"—to learn a trade, be a clerk, keep books, be an editor, a professor, a preacher, or a politician? The farmer who thinks these longings can be put down by any word of command makes a mistake. He had better study into the causes and try to exorcise them by judicious treatment. And he will find improved stock a great aid, and especially if he will allow the boys to share in the profits when they come.

More live stock on all farms is the need of the hour. There is constantly increasing demand for meat, and also for all the products that come from stock. Horses are wanted for work and pleasure, and their numbers will swell just as rapidly as other stocks increase. No work people in the world consume as much of good living as those in the United States. The working foreigners who come here, though unused to much meat at home, soon catch the infection, and improved wages or incomes from farms of their own enable them to enjoy the privilege. The constant and rapid increase of manufactures, in addition to other causes, increases the number of consumers in a greater ratio than the stock increases. The opening of new markets in foreign countries for meat and other live stock products is also increasing on the whole, in spite of occasional set-backs. And, lastly, the farms all need more stock for their development through the use of manures. Commercial manures are of great value, but nothing can permanently take the place of stable manure.

He is a wise farmer, then, who aims to supply himself with live stock to the fullest extent that his capital and his acres will admit. He needs manure, and as the mass of farmers cannot find it to buy, they must make it or go without. To go without, or to continue to plug in the old way (a few animals to several hundred acres,) means little or no increase of fertility, no increase of home comforts, no better education for the children, no enhanced attractions to farm life. The burden that dairymen formerly brought to the farmer's wife and daughters is now relieved by the creamery; the farmer's own burdens, if increased in amount, are relieved in part by a greater division of work through the seasons, greater variety and greater profits. For his crops machinery is rendering vast aid, and, if properly and systematically handled, his stock soiling points the way. The wasteful and barbarous system of pasturing must give way to the necessity for more stock, and with that farming becomes far more a strictly business pursuit than before. Everything about farm work will be studied with more care, and the large haphazard or happy-go-lucky element eliminated. When we can get farmers to think more, to study and plan in advance, to rigidly note cost and production, how to increase the latter and reduce the former, though his hand work may be less his head work will be more effective. The man who owns and runs a farm should be a manager rather than the head workman merely.

The idea that the owner of a farm must of necessity "hold the plow or drive," or do both, is a mistake natural enough to be made, perhaps, in view of what farming has been, or even what it is and must be in many quarters; but there is something better for the educated farmer, or the man who, with a good education, applies business principles and capital to farming. It is not good business, for instance, to keep a cow and not know what she is worth in milk and butter, nor what it costs to keep her, nor whether she is annually improving or deteriorating. It is not good business to guess at the cost of a crop, or to conclude that because your great-grandfather raised it therefore you can wisely raise it. It is not good business not to know what are the annual sales and expenses, nor to sneer at an annual inventory as a "foolish notion." So it is not good business to let one's farm run down in fertility on the ground that manure is lacking and that it cannot be bought profitably. The way to do is to keep stock. If the necessary capital is really wanting, it may be a lame, wretched sort of farming which is followed, but it is not business farming by any means. I know very well that many a man is unable to follow his ideal of what a business duty is, but in thousands of cases this is not the reason at all. It is the force of old habits, prejudices, dislike of change, mental inertia, or conceit.—*Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

—A man of Berks County, Pa., while hunting, laid his gun upon the ground. A rattlesnake crawled into one of the barrels and refused to be dislodged until the weapon was discharged. After that his snakeship offered no further objections.

—A farmer who has tried it says turkeys will lay on more fat in two weeks when confined in a comfortable pen than they will in four when suffered to ramble about.—*N. Y. Herald.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Keep all stock thriving by giving a stable ration of some kind and not by feeding the meadows. When the cold storms come give the animals shelter and extra grain rations to keep up the heat. Do not let the animals take this fuel from the fat already stored up, as it is a practice that no stockman can afford.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

—Ham cooked in cider: Put a pint of cider and a cup of brown sugar into enough water to cover the ham; boil three hours, or till the skin will peel off easily. Remove the skin, cover the ham with a crust of sugar, and bake in a slow oven three hours. Dissolve a cup of sugar in a pint of cider and baste the ham frequently while baking. If the cider is very sweet, use less sugar.—*Chicago Journal.*

—To fricassee chicken cut it up and boil with one or two slices of pork, in enough water to cover the chicken; fry some pork, and when it has cooked a little, drain the chicken and fry it with the pork until nearly browned; then take the broth and pour it into the frying-pan with the pork, and make a gravy, thickening with brown flour; season well and pour over the chicken. *Chicago News.*

—The Agricultural Department at Washington estimates the shortage of the hog crop in the great hog-raising States as follows: "In Kentucky the decrease from last year, as returned by our correspondents, is 25 per cent.; 20 in Ohio; 25 in Indiana; 24 in Illinois; 20 in Iowa; 30 in Missouri. The decrease is but five per cent. in Kansas and two in Nebraska." It also says there is a small decline in the South and in the Middle States.

—If there are fence corners or other places about the farm where weeds are growing they should be mowed out to prevent the seeds from being scattered to [illegible] fields. Farm fences afford one of the most common sources for weed destruction, and it is poor policy to allow the seeds to mature and be thus scattered to the detriment of the adjoining land. Pasture land, too often produces heavy growths of noxious weeds which should be cut before maturing their seeds.—*Country Gentleman.*

—An almond sponge-cake may be a novelty to some one. It is certainly a very delicate and nicely flavored cake. Half pound of sugar, five eggs; beat the yelks first, and add the sugar to them gradually, then beat the whites to a stiff froth and add it; then sift in flour enough to make a batter of medium stiffness, flavor with almond extract, and, before putting it in the tin, butter a paper well and line the tin, and on the bottom put at intervals bits of almond, which you have blanched by pouring boiling water over, and after removing the brown skins cut in small pieces, then pour the batter over till the tin is about half-full. Bake for an hour in a slow oven. *N. Y. Post.*

How to Locate Lameness in a Horse.

In examining a case of lameness, we should, if possible, first see the horse in the stable, and without disturbing him, observe whether he points a foot, and in what particular manner he so favors it. We should then have him led from the stable and trotted gently in hand on a hard road or pavement, giving him his head at this time. Having thus observed in what part he is lame, we should proceed to discover the actual seat of the mischief. For this purpose, the finger and thumb should be carefully passed down the leg, from the knee to the foot, to ascertain if there be any undue heat, or enlargement, or tenderness from pressure; we should also feel carefully the front and sides of the pastern, as well as round the coronet. If a splint be the cause of lameness, the horse will evince considerable pain when it is pressed, and so likewise will he in lesions of the sinews.

Supposing that we have found no sufficient cause of lameness above, we must now direct our attention to the foot. In nearly every case, unless the mischief should be very clearly exhibited elsewhere, it would be advisable to remove the shoe; the foot should then be pared out, to ascertain if there be any sand, or gravel, or pus lodged in it. The nail holes should be carefully examined and pressed with pincers, or gently struck with a hammer, to discover any symptoms of tenderness; the heels of the sole should be pared down, and the parts struck gently with a hammer; this is preferable to pressing the bar and crust with the pincers, as is usually done, for this often produces pain in some feet, when there is no disease, and often fails in causing pain in others, when there is a deep-seated corn.

After paring awhile, the smith will very probably say there is no corn; but we must not be satisfied until we have pared almost to the quick. If the horse be very lame from a corn, he will almost always favor the foot; but in so doing he will not, however, extend his limb out straight to its full length, but will elevate the heel without extending the foot very far, which will give a knuckling appearance to the limb. Should none of these symptoms be exhibited, we must consider the disease to be deep-seated, and then it is all-important to ascertain if the animal points his foot, for, if such is the case, in all probability the cause of lameness exists in the navicular joint, supposing it was a fore foot we were examining.

It will seldom be necessary to go through these various manipulations seriatim as we may sometimes pounce upon the seat of lameness at once, and very often detect it after a moderate examination; but there are cases that will demand our utmost attention and experience, and will often put to a severe test the professional talents and tact even of the most skilled veterinarian.

Horses sometimes exhibit a slight lameness immediately after being shod, though quite sound before. Such cases may arise from the shoe being nailed on too tight, and are often relieved by removing the shoe and re-applying it more gently; this lameness most frequently occurs in horses with very thin horn, and is ascertained by the manner in which it comes on, and the absence of any other visible causes. The shoe in such a case may also have an improper bearing, pressing severely on weak spots, or on the sole or heels; or the heels or sole may have been pared too much, or unevenly.

Persons unaccustomed to horses, will more frequently pronounce the wrong limb than the right in cases of slight lameness. The cause of their blunders may then be easily explained. They perceive that a horse drops the moment one foot comes to the ground; and they immediately conclude that that must be the lame one, fancying that he drops from the pain received when it meets the ground; whereas the fact is, he treads as lightly as he can on the lame foot, and bears his whole weight on the sound one. —*Prairie Farmer.*

A Murderer's Plan for Escape.

De Bosnys, the tramp who lately married a widow in Essex County, New York, to obtain her property, and then murdered her, is still in the Elizabethport jail, whence he recently made an ingenious attempt to escape. He wrote an innocent letter which he handed unsealed to the sheriff and asked him to mail it to its address in this city. It was mislaid, and in finding it several days afterward, the Sheriff was amazed to read between the lines a second letter, which had become visible during the interval, suggesting a plan of escape, asking aid and threatening himself. It was afterward ascertained that the murderer had procured by some means Paris green and vinegar, with which he had mixed a first-rate invisible ink.

—The hasty reproof, says the Germantown *Telegraph*, given simply because of some personal annoyance, the unjust blame thoughtlessly visited on innocent heads, the unkind sarcasm or taunt, the bitter invective, the exaggerated condemnation of small though troublesome offenses, poison happiness and quench affection without adding one iota to the general stock of virtue or good conduct.

VAST merit is inherent in St Jacobs Oil, and we heartily recommend it to our readers.—*Chicago (Ill.) Western Catholic.*

NEW method of making tooth-powder: Grind your teeth. Patent unapplied for.—*The Judge.*

THE New York *Evening Telegram* says: Tony Paster was cured of rheumatic pains by St. Jacobs Oil. He praises its efficacy.

CHRISTMAS and the *Congressional Record* are coming. We could probably worry along without Christmas.—*Norristown Herald.*

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1879, I was taken with BLEEDING OF LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. WISTAR HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

AN unequal match: That which strikes only on the box.—*The Judge.*

Answer to Correspondent.

Any average Congressman can tell you "Why the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads." Mr. Robert Christy, of Springfield can and will also tell you that Mishler's Herb Bitters cured him of Diarrhœa of two weeks' continuance. The doctors could not, however. This old and ever reliable remedy is a sovereign cure for all blood disorders, Kidney and Liver troubles. Constipation, Colic, Cholera and kindred diseases.

THE man who selects off coupons is the genuine reverse cutter.

THE Frazer Axle Grease is the best, and intrinsically, the cheapest. Don't work your horses to death by using poor axle grease. Try it.

THE first case of black lace—Ham.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"Buchu-Paiba."

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AMINADAB says a dog's lungs are the seat of its pants.—*Marathon Independent.*

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Now in the hands of our printer, and will be ready for distribution during the months of November and December, 1882. The Almanac for the coming year will be more useful and instructive than ever, and will be sent free to any address. Write for one.

Ask the Nearest Druggist.

If the dealers in your place do not keep Merchant's Gargling Oil for sale, insist upon their sending to us, or where they get their medicines and get it. Keep the bottle well corked, and shake it before using. Yellow wrapper for animal and white for human use.

Special Notice.

The Merchant's Gargling Oil has been in use as a liniment for half a century. All we ask is a fair trial, but be sure and follow directions.

The Gargling Oil and Merchant's Worm Tablets are for sale by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise throughout the world.

Manufactured at Lockport, N. Y., by Merchant's Gargling Oil Company.

John Hodge
Secretary.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

The Prairie Farmer
IS THE ACKNOWLEDGED
Leading Agricultural
And Family Journal of America.
IT IS THE OLDEST AND BEST:
TWO MONTHS FREE!
Any New Subscribers we will send THE PRAIRIE FARMER, from now until January 1st, 1884, for $2. 0. The regular price of the paper is $2.50 per year. Specimens sent free. Address
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PETROLINA VETERINARY
HORSES & CATTLE
Promptly cures saddle sores, sore shoulders, cuts, galls, sitfasts and wounds of every description. Sometimes greased heel, thrush, quarter-cracks, contraction of the hoof, spavins, bruises, etc.; in fact is beneficial in all cases where any ointment or liniment can be of service. Never spavils. No stable should be without it. Plain, 50 cents; Carbolated, 75 cents. Sold by druggists, or sent by express. Manufactured by the
BINGHAMTON OIL REFINING CO.,
Send for circular. Binghamton, N. Y.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS are certainly best, having been universally PERFECT RUNNING MUSICAL COMPETITION for SIXTEEN YEARS; no other Organs having been found equal to any. Also 14 styles, new in design, and containing many improvements, in case, compass and power, with best quality, for popular and concert use, ranging in price from $22. ONE HUNDRED OTHER STYLES at $30, $37, $66, $78, $87, $96, $115, $150 and upward. *The larger styles are unsurpassed by any other Organs.* Also for easy payments. NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

PIANOS This Company have commenced the manufacture of PIANO-FORTES, and will offer a GRAND PIANO, introducing important improvements; adding to power and beauty of tone and durability. *Will not require tuning nearly as much as other Pianos.* ILLUSTRATED CIRCULARS, with full particulars, sent free. Descriptive Circular & Prices with testimonials, free. THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO., 154 Tremont St., Boston; 46 E. 14th St., N. York; 149 Wabash Ave., Chicago

FREE! CARDS AND CHROMOS.
We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French and American Chromo Cards, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail, as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and mailing; and invite a comparison of our list of our large oil chromos. AGENTS WANTED. Address F. GLEASON & CO., 46 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

SUMMIT STOVE-PIPE SHELF.

LOCAL NEWS.

The green grocer is the one who never advertises and sells on a credit.

It cost Kentucky $5,000 to guard the prisoners Neal and Craft from the mob

The United States Court is in session at Paducah, this week.

Mr. James Moore, of Union City, and Miss Calvina Rogers, of Woodland Mills, were married Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Martin Gilmore, of Union City was married in Nashville last week, to Miss Katie M. R. Cleary.

Dr. Antone Witting, formerly of Hickman, is to be married in Evansville, Indiana, on the 30th of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Judge lost their sweet little babe, Tuesday evening. May the great Comforter solace them in their hour of affliction.

The ladies of the Hickman Episcopal church gave a supper Thursday night last, and realized something over $160 for church purposes.

Mr. Tom Corbett, of Paducah, was in Hickman, Wednesday, canvassing as to his interests in the race for Register of the Land Office.

The McNell family will exhibit in Hickman Monday night, Nov. 27th. It is said to be a good entertaiment. Reserved seats for sale at the Laclede House.

Vermifuge.
Sample bottles given away (for a few days only) on trial, at
FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE.

At a colored church festival in Tiptonville, last week, Albert Gilbert killed Bob Hornbeck and wounded Geo. Sherrod, all colored. So says the *Star*.

Mr. Wilkie, of Lebanon, Ky., was in Hickman, Monday, prospecting as to establishing a banking house in this place. A much needed institution.

Mrs. Thos. Garrett and Mrs. A. S. Andrson, of Dyersburg, Tenn., are visiting old friends in Hickman, and are heartily welcomed.

Miss Nesbitt, of Madisonville, Ky., is spending several weeks with her friend Miss Jessie Turner.

Mr. Henry Knoer, of Hickman, and Miss —— Noll, of Union City, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Tuesday last. May their lives be ever joyous and happy.

If you want pure APPLE VINEGAR go to
J. W. ROGER'S.

The Hickman Courier, George Warren's paper, is one of the best edited journals in Southwest Kentucky—[Courier Journal, Nov. 21st.

The Wickliffe Tribune denies the report that the Blandville-Wickliffe county-seat removal case has been decided against Wickliffe. The matter seems to be in doubt.

On Monday, a mail coach, containing three passengers, was robbed near Louisville, by a single masked robber. An easy prey indeed. Three men who will permit one to thus rob them don't deserve much sympathy.

The Ballard county seat question has been decided by the Court of Appeals in favor of Blandville, the old county seat. The Wickliffe party carried the question before the people, and will get a new act and take a new vote.

He keeps the finest assortment of CANDIES, CIGARS and TOBACCOS.
J. W. ROGER'S.

The farm of Rich Everett, Madrid Bend, grows anywhere from 10 to 20 barrels of corn to the acre; and the wives of the three tenants who have successively occupied the house on same farm, within the past three months, have given birth to twins while living in the house. This is in Fulton county. The Lake *Star* says the house is again for rent.

Some alarm has prevailed this week among parents in Hickman because of the death of several children, and the apprehension prevailing that one of them had died from scarlet fever. Mr. J. N. Cowgill lost two children, one from dropsy of the heart, and the other the doctors, we believe, were not positive in their conclusions as to what was the matter with it.

Don't You Forget It.—Old Buck is smashing high prices, and if you want first class goods, at the very lowest cent go and examine goods and prices.

The Conference of the M. E. church, in session the past week, at Dyersburg, Tenn., was presided over by Bishop McTyere. Rev. Mr. King was reappointed to the Hickman station, and Mr. Ramsey continued as the presiding elder. Mr. Bransford was reappointed to the Somerville station. Rev. Mr. Bush was transferred to the Colorado Conference and stationed at Denver.

FOR RENT.
Dwelling house (for a small family) over Fortune's drug store. Apply to
T. P. FORTUNE.

MARRIED

In this county, on the 22nd, Mr. A. J. Harpole, of Union City, Tenn., to Miss M. E. Whitesell, daughter of Mr. Jesse Whitesell, of this county.

On the same day, in this county, Mr. John T. Beard to Miss Laura A. Bowdle.

On the same day, Mr. A. B. Browder to Miss Cora P. Beard.

These marriages occurred in the vicinity of Fulton, and to each of the brides and bridegrooms the Courier extends wishes for a long, prosperous and happy life.

Mr. R. T. Tyler and wife left for Louisville Thursday morning. Mrs. T. has been dangerously ill for some months, and the trip is made for the benefit of her health.

WHEAT—So little coming in at present that quotations seem hardly necessary. In the northern markets there has been no change worth mentioning for the past two months. We quote choice No. 2. at 85 cts delivered.

Corn—Continues to roll in quite lively, we note sales of several large crops in this vicinity at 42c shelled and delivered, the future price of this grain will surely be lower owing to the scarcity of hogs in the corn growing districts, all corn shipped from here has been going north on account of the immense crops south; this another reason why we may look for lower prices soon.

COTTON—Cotton continues quiet at previous quotations, although there has been another decline in New York. Our local buyers have been paying full prices in cash, and consequently more cotton has been received here than for several years past. We quote good ordinary 9c middling 9½.

Hides, Feathers, Wool and Furs in demand, and firm at previous quotations.

Butter and Eggs very scarce and fine at 25 and 25cts.

The following is the official vote for Congressman in this District according to returns to the Secretary of State:

Oscar Turner	8,705
Jno. R. Grace	7,627
Henry Houston	5,803
Total vote	22,135
Turner's majority over Grace	1,078

Jackson did a bad day's work for his party when he purchased a certain piece of real estate in Kentucky. We are in favor of a rue and will give the lawful heirs a bargain in that direction.—*Crittenden Press.*

Well, Turner back, if that's what you mean. Crittenden gave Houston a majority, and perhaps we could do as well under a Chickasaw chief.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: "Col Oscar Turner, now at Paducah, will remove with his family to this city in about two weeks."

Democrats differ on the tariff question, and if the party expects to succeed in 1884 this difference of opinion must be tolerated. Pattison, the newly elected Governor of Pennsylvania, says the man who would oppose a protective tariff in Pennsylvania might as well hang a millstone to his neck and jump into the sea.—*Covington Commonwealth.*

Would the *Courier-Journal* drive Governor Pattison out of the Democratic party?

If the Presidential election could occur right now the Democrats would sweep things. How it will be two years from this remains to be seen.

The Cincinnati *Price Current* estimates this year's crop of corn at 1,800,000,000 bushels, or 360,000,000 barrels. The Price Current is generally about right in its estimates.

Texas, which has been bearing the Democratic banner for eight years, has had to hand it over to New York, which saw her 80,000 majority, and went 120,000 better.

The Mississippi River Commission is trying very hard to have as much fun as the Tariff Commission had, but probably "will fail to succeed" in this herculean undertaking.

The President signed the extradition treaty between the United States and Belgium, and thus the Star Route thieves are cut off from another avenue of escape.

Gen. Grant has written a magazine article exculpating Gen. Fitz John Porter from the charges which have been hanging over him for twenty years. This justice, though tardy, is better late than never.

Representative Kelly, of Pennsylvania, better known as "Pig Iron," has called upon the President and advised him to recommend in his message a sweeping reduction of the internal revenue tariff tax. Old Kelly wanted his party to do this before the election, but they would'nt.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Programme for to-Night.

Subject—American Poets.
1—Reading from Whittier. S. W. Landerdale.
2—Instrumental Music. Taliaferro and Millet.
3—Recitation from Bryant. Hunter Davis.
4—Music; Vocal. Miss Katie Kingman.
5—Recitation from Poe. R. S. Murrell.
6—Music. Quartette.
7—Reading from Halleck. Miss Lawson.
8—Music—Instrumental. Millet and Taliaferro.
9—Recitation from Willis. Schula Swayne.
10—Music Duet. Caldwell and Taliaferro.
11—Reading from Holmes. Miss Adel Allen.
12—Music.
13—Recitation from Prentice. Mrs. Holcombe.

Shook Him for 'Em.
[Ogle Bead.]

"We have had a sweeping victory," said a slow movement man to the bartender.

"Democrats have carried everything."

"Yes, sir."

"But what is it to me?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know. An American citizen, with bottles all around him, don't know. Don't you know, sir, that I want to drink to the success of the Democratic party—"

"But I am a Republican."

"And hope that the Republicans will do better next time."

"But I don't hope that they'll do better. I've fallen out with the party."

"Got no political enthusiasm?"

"No."

"No chance to get a drink here."

"None that I can see."

"I was merely jesting my friend. Have a drink with me." The saloon man complied.

"Here, give me twenty-five cents."

The slow movement man began to quietly withdraw, when the bartender seized him and shook him until his teeth chattered. When he went out he was asked by his companion who had gone to "skirmish" at another place if he was successful.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "the bartender shook me for the drinks and lost."

The Case of White.
[Detroit Free Press.]

This paper remarked one day that White was drunk. Instead of rushing down here to anhiliate some one, he waited three long days to let his temper cool, and then climbed the stairs one step at a time, took it easy along the hall, and entered the editorial rooms with a benign expression of countenance. When asked if he wanted an agricultural exchange, or had an item to leave, he calmly replied:

"You stated the other day that I was drunk."

"Yes sir."

"I have called to demand personal satisfaction."

"Certainly."

"I propose to maul some one to pulp."

"Correct sir."

"In fact to clean out the ranch."

"Just so."

"But not now—not until spring. Along about April next you may look for me, and when I come you had better be ready to die! Good-day, sir!"

"Good day."

Now, how much better that was than to come rushing in with a pistol or club; mussing up the rooms and disturbing the routine of the office. It is a favor we highly appreciate, and every one of the staff will try and live until spring, in order that Mr White may not be disappointed when he calls on business.

It is reported that Gen. Beauregard will soon marry the widow of the late Commodore Vanderbilt. Mrs. V was a Mobile lady who married the old man with a marriage contract instead of dower in his estate. She got a very handsome inheritance at her husbands death, and has since lived a good deal in the South.

If you want the finest SODA WAFER CRACKER in the world, go to
J. W. ROGER'S.

PROCLAMATION
By the Governor of Kentucky.

Whereas, A christian people should be ever mindful of the manifold blessings continually bestowed upon them by a beneficent Creator; and whereas, the current year has been especially marked by the abundant bestowal of general good health, peace, and prosperity throughout the Commonwealth and our common country.

Now, therefore, I, LUKE P. BLACKBURN, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, in compliance with a long established usage, do appoint THURSDAY the 30th day of NOVEMBER, 1882, as a day of general Thanksgiving and prayer, and recommend that all secular business be suspended on that day, and the people assemble at their usual places of worship, and return sincere and hearty thanks to Almighty God for His continuous goodness, and the blessings so abundantly bestowed upon us.

(SEAL.) In witness whereof, I hereto sign my name, and cause the seal of the Commonwealth to be affixed. Done at Frankfort, this 6th day of November, A. D., 1882.

LUKE P. BLACKBURN.

By the Governor:
James Blackburn, Secretary of State.

The Mormons elect their man in Utah by 15,000 majority in the face of the recent laws of Congress.

A Good Thing for the Jurors.

Tom Fitch is a man of infinite resources. Over in Cochise county they tell an anecdote about him which possesses a peculiar interest. When his tax suit against the Southern Pacific railroad was up, Tom stoutly advised the indictment of Crocker for alledged perjury. The ground taken for the indictment was Crocker's affidavit that the railroad property in Cochise county was only worth $2,000 a mile.

"But," urged the foreman of the grand jury, "what's the use of it? We can never convict him."

"But we can indict him and bring him here for trial."

"But he'll get clear," replied the foremen, "what can you accomplish by it?"

Tom looked the foreman squarely in the face, and hitching his chair a little closer to the listening jury, he replied, confidently, "We'll make twelve men in Cochise county comfortable for life."

That settled it.—*Arizona Star.*

How Massachusetts H'ted a Church.
[New York Sun Boston Special.]

The members of the Congregational church at Easton are happy over the result of the election of this State. Their church building was burned not long ago and in soliciting subscriptions from their fellow-townsmen, the Hon. Oliver Ames jokingly told them that if he was elected Lieutenant Governor he would give them $2,500, provided the successful candidate for Governor would do the same. Gen. Butler, it is said, heard the story, and offered to fulfill the latter proviso in case he should succeed at the head of the ticket. Gen Butler and Mr. Ames were both elected, and the State of Massachusetts has, therefore, voted the Congregational church at Easton $5,000.

HE ACKNOWLEDGED
[Rochester Post-Express.]

"You mustn't touch the top of the baby's head," said a mother to her little four yearsold, "she has a soft spot there that is very tender."

The youngster gazed at it curiously for a moment, and then asked:

"Do all baby's have soft spots on their heads?"

"Yes."

"Did papa have a soft spot on the top of his head when he was a baby?"

"Yes," replied the mother with a sigh, "and he has got it yet."

And the old man who had overheard the conversation from an adjoining room sang out:

"Yes, indeed he has my dear boy, or he would be a single man to-day."

Why he Quit the Church.

"Parson," said a man approaching an Arkansaw minister, "I reckon you'd better take my name of your church books and let me go!"

"Why so?" asked the preacher. "You have always been a consistent church member."

"Wall, you see I stole a mule, and I thought that it wouldn't be healthy for the church for me to belong to it."

"When did you steal the mule?"

"About six months ago."

"Why since that time you have assisted in several revivals. When were you seized with remorse!"

"To day."

"Was there a cause that inflicted you to make an acknowledgment?"

"Yes, something of a cause."

"What was it?"

"They proved that I stole the mule. So I have concluded to quit the church. If they hadn't proved it, I would have remained longer."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

The World's Largest Land Owner.

Daniel Murphy's funeral will take place to-morrow. He is a pioneer in San Jose, having come to California, in 1884. His business, ever since he came to California, has been stock-raising. He first had large tracts in the south end of this county, and, as his herds grew, he went into the San Joaquin valley. The "no fence" law forced him to take his cattle to Nevada. He owned, also, about 200 000 acres of land in that State when he died, and 6,000 000 in the State of Durango, Mexico, and large tracts in Arizona, and was, at the time of his death, the largest land owner in the world.

The Boy and the Wolf.

A Shepherd Boy, who tended a flock of sheep near a village, cried "wolf" one day, and the old moss-backs rushed out with pitchforks and pokers, to find that the dreaded beast was all in the boy's eye. For three or four successive times the lad played this trick on the villagers, and they finally came to the conclusion that he was a liar who deserved to be made an Indian agent.

One day the Wolf really came, but when the boy mounted the fence and gave the alarm, the villagers refused to move off their nail-kegs at the corner store, saying to each other:

"William Henry can't work that string on us again."

As no one responded to the call the Wolf set out to devour the flock, but before he had secured a taste of mutton the Boy laid him out with his toy pistol.

Moral—If you feel like lying don't let a whole village discourage you. It often pays 200 per cent.

An Accomodating Cross.
[Ogle Bead.]

"Isom, I understand that you have taken out license to preach?" said an Arkansaw Colonel to an old colored man.

"Yes, sir, I'se 'cided ter preach de Lord 'an Him crucified."

"Why did you quit practicing law?"

"I'se got too much conscience, sah. It's agin my principles ter prosecute people what's innocent, and taig for people what's guilty. Preachin' jes fits me. Yer ain't got no office rent ter pay, an' de bill collectors shuns yer. It's chicken in de morning, turkey at dinner an' preserves when de sun goes down. An' sides de 'moluments, I has de feelin' dat I'se fightin' agin de debil. No, sah, I would'nt practice law for no man's money."

"I'm sorry, Isom, that you've quit. I've got a little case in a Magistrate's court and it will come up before a colored jury. I wanted you to take the case for me."

"Wat's de case?"

"You see, I'm charged with forging a note."

"How's de proof?"

"All right; but the truth is, I'm guilty. I'd give twenty-five dollars to get out of the affair."

"Wall, boss, I'll take de case. 'Ligion is intended fur de benefit ob man, an' I would'nt hab a cross what you could'nt set aside on stretchin' occasions.

[*For the Hickman* COURIER.]
AUTUMN.
A SOLILOQUY.

I'll wander for a quiet stroll
This calm November eve—
For thoughts, like truant birds, have flown
To friends I grieved to leave.—
Methinks that like the changing scenes,
By nature's fingers spun,
So checkered years have flitted by,
Yea, [illegible] one by one!
At first so bright, so beautiful—
Like springtime's sunny hours,
My early life was strewn with buds
Refreshed by April showers,
More gorgeous than yon tinted trees
Were the visions, rich and rare:
I loved to weave in those old times
Sweet "castles in the air":
Then was the springtime, full of joy
When life's bright buoyant stream
Kept music to the gushing notes
Of youth's ecstatic dream!
But it [illegible] past—my life has grown
[illegible] a summer's day
In which the sweet fresh hopes of spring
Have melted quite away
And many are the angry clouds,
That like a dreary pall,
Hide from my view, that lovely past,
[illegible] shadows over all.
* * * * * *
Summer hath flown—the leafy bowers
Have lost their deepest green
With drooping heads the latest flowers
Bewail their summer queen
The winds are murmuring through the trees
A solemn dirge like song
And leaves, like tears from stricken hearts,
Are falling—one by one!
Stay messenger, why such winged speed,
Tell me—[illegible] thou spring?
Methinks thou will not pause to heed,
Nor answer to me bring.
At first the murmurings of thy voice
In gentlest accents fall—
Then thy weird strains of melody
Throws sadness over all.
Oh! tell me from thy forest home
The burden of thy breath—
Say—do not stop to kiss the flowers,
For 'tis the seal of death!
Oh! art thou from the spirit land,
A whisper to the gay—
That like the leaf, the fruit, the flower,
They too must pass away.
[illegible] tell them that the hand of death,
Doth give each tree and vine,
And [illegible] all Nature's handiwork
Sweet thoughts of God entwine!
For as I gaze upon this scene
My [illegible] stirred with strange, sweet hopes,
And filled with new delight—
For even as Nature's loveliest [illegible]
Is donned as sign of death,
So Christians brightest, happiest hour,
Is when they yield their breath!
Then murmur through the forest,
And whistle o'er the moor,
Thou'rt a messenger from heaven,
And we'll hail thee EVER MORE

'M. L. M......

Willing to Come Down a Little.
[Detroit Free Press.]

In riding over to Lost Mountain from Marietta I came across a young man who was digging post holes for a barbed wire fence, and when I told him what I wanted he replied:

I'll go with you. I was in that fort myself, and I kin point out every position."

When we reached the ground he began telling where this and that regiment was stationed, and finally he halted beside a huge boulder and said:

"Right here stranger was where I squatted for four hours. I rested my gun right thar on that ledge, and I reckon I killed exactly twenty-eight Yanks that day."

"No!"

"Solemn fact, and I know a dozen men who'll swear to it."

"Let's see? This battle was fought in 1864?"

"K'reet you are."

"That's about eighteen years ago!"

"Jist about."

"And you are about twenty-five years old."

"I was twenty five this spring."

Then I looked at him for a long time, but he never winced. When we were going home, and after a long period of silence, he suddenly remarked

"Stranger don't you believe I was thar?"

"Perhaps you were, but you see you were not quite seven years old on the day of that fight."

"That's what I've been figuring on," he continued, in a very serious voice, "and I'll tell you what I'm willing to do."

"Well?"

"I'll call it twenty four instead of twenty eight dead Yanks in front of my position! That's fair isn't it?"

I told him that nothing could be more liberal, and cordial relations were at once re-established.

Holiday Goods
In great variety, en route from New York, for FORTUNE'S DRUG STORE.

Col. Turner's Residence

Since the election of the Hon. Oscar Turner the little newspapers that assailed him during the canvass are continuing their misrepresentations. The Mayfield Monitor contains the following:

"Col. Turner has already left his Ballard county farm and returned to his elegant home near Louisville. That farm is never used by the Colonel except during a few months previous to the Congressional election. It is strange that there are so many people in the district who can not see through Col. Turner's demagogery."

The truth is, Colonel Turner left Ballard a few days ago for Frankfort, but stopped in Louisville at a hotel to attend to some business matters. He has not occupied "his elegant home near Louisville" since he rented it to a gentleman more than twelve months ago. Mrs. Turner and her family are still in Ballard, and are expected to join the Colonel some time this week and go on with him to Washington, where he wishes to arrive some days before Congress convenes.—[*Louisville Post.*

A Short Novel.

Mr. Froude sends us a little novel, which we print with pleasure, and in small type, as it is paid for by the foot:

It was autumn.

Yes, merry, golden tinted autumn. The sun poured down its mellow rays on the laughing fields of grain, and all nature seemed to rejoice in the gladness of the ample harvest. The little birds twittered and sang their sweetest and cheeriest notes in the branches of the oak trees that skirted the foot of the cloud-tipped hill, while the big ones sat still and looked at them. Far away to the right lay a vast marsh, in which water-cresses, sweet sedges, and bull-frogs generally mingled.

Don't forget that it was a pretty sight.

Suddenly a boat is seen shooting out from the mossy banks that encircle the marsh like a chaplet of laurel. In the little craft are seated a young man and a maiden; he strong-limbed and handsome, his face bronzed by the kisses of the burning sun and scent-laden breezes; she fair and delicate like the lily, or a Chicago base-ball club.

With powerful strokes he sends the boat shooting through the water, while the ripples fall away on either side. Suddenly the maiden utters a faint shriek, and a pallor o'erspreads her lovely countenance.

She has seen a bull-frog.

One hand drops nerveless by her side, and from it fell her hat—a dainty thing of straw and canvass, trimmed with flowers. The young man at once plunged into the water to recover the hat. The cruel waves closed over his fair young head, the last thing seen being the part in the middle of it.

But he omitted to come up again.

After waiting until it was a betting point that he had gone to stay, the maiden rose in the boat and gave a despairing shriek.

"Dead, dead for a duck hat," she moaned and fell over the starboard side, never knowing that she had got off a good thing.

That night the sexton in a little village near the lake laid down one pair, and he was not playing poker either. The pair was the two lovers who had died that day, and been fished out later in the evening.

But where was the bull-frog that caused this calamity?

Oh, where, indeed?—*Chicago Tribune.*

If you want PICKLES in brine, go to
J. W. ROGER'S.

Hickman Advertisements.

Slaughter!

This entire stock of goods must be sold by

Jan. 1, 1883.

We have inaugurated a new departure in the trading of Fulton county which has proved an immense success. Call around and see the crowds. All goods marked to sell in plain figures and at

One Price Only.

Calicos 4 and 5 cents a yard
Ladies shoes to close at 40 cents
Ladies slippers " " " 20 cents
Other goods in proportion.

GOODS MUST BE SOLD.

SQUARE DEAL

NOTICE!

We will make it to your interest and pleasure to see our well selected stock of

DRY GOODS,
BOOTS and SHOES,
CLOTHING,
HATS,
CAPS, and
Furnishing Goods

We have been fortunate in getting low prices and have marked a very small advance. We are fully prepared for a great RUSH of business, and are organised to serve large numbers of people with convenience and dispatch.

We have a fresh and well selected stock of FANCY and STAPLE GROCERIES; which we will as low as can be bought in this market.

Remember we are the house for the rich and poor.

We sell reliable Goods at reasonable prices.

We are the restless, untiring Merchants, who want your trade, and carry a stock of goods, in all lines, which is a credit to Hickman.

DOUBLE and SINGLE BARREL BREECH-Loading and MUZZLE Loading GUNS.

J. Amberg's SonS.

Hickman Advertisements.

J. W. COWGILL,
Druggist,
HICKMAN, KY.

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES. TOILET ARTICLES. SOAPS. PERFUMERY. &C.
J. W. COWGILL, Druggist.

THE OLD RELIABLE!

CHAS. A. HOLCOMBE,
—DEALER IN—
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS
HICKMAN, KY.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

IN THE COURSE OF
HUMAN EVENTS,

You may sometime wish to buy a

STOVE,
—OR SOME KIND OF—
Hardware.

We carry a full line of these goods, and would request you to stop in and examine our prices. As the weather is warm we say just enough to let you see we're on deck

R. B BREVARD. THE AGENT FOR THE FAMOUS STEEL PLOW.

HERTWECK, BALTZER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WAGONS,
Hickman, Kentucky.

JUST RECEIVED

A large and well assorted stock of COOKING and HEATING

STOVES.

Also, a complete line of
HARDWARE, EDGED TOOLS, & FAMILY SUPPIES

Particular attention to job work and repairs. Prices as low as any.
J. W. CORMAN & CO

LACLEDE HOUSE.
HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.

THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN RECENTLY ENLARGED, REFITTED, REFURNISHED and thoroughly renovated. Convenient to river and railroad, and attentive watch kept; and, altogether one of the best appointed hotels in this section.
may9-'79 W. J. TURNER, Prop'r.

Administrator's Notice.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of W. J. APPERSON, dec'd, are hereby notified to present the same to me for payment, properly proven, on or before the 25th day of December next, or they will be forever barred. This 18th day of October, 1882.

JNO. R. McGEHEE, Adm'r,
Oct 27 3t of W. J. Apperson.

W. DIESTELBRINK
Family Groceries.

NO space to name all articles, but no trouble to show goods.
Come and see, at the corner of Troy and Moscow Avenue, East Hickman, Ky

STILL LOWER.

CLEAR the TRACK---CREAT CRASH in Prices.

Stacks of BLANKETS and COMFORTS; Cords of JEANS; big lot of fine OVERCOATS; immense stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING; LADIES' CLOAKS; Worsted Dress Goods; Woolen JACKETS; Woolen Hosiery, &c., at a still further decline. Now is the time. Strike while the iron is hot. Don't fail to call and save from ten to twenty per cent.

H. BUCHANAN.

THE HICKMAN COURIER

— PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY —

GEORGE WARREN,
HICKMAN, : : : : : KENTUCKY.

FRIDAY, : : : : NOV. 24, 1882.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

There are [illegible] eight counties in New York which gave Republican majorities.

THE Greenback party failed to elect a single member of the next Congress.

THE Kentucky State Grange meet at Eminence, Dec. 12th.

THE next Congress, which convenes December 1883, will be Democratic by 50.

Sure enough, John D. White and Culbertson, two Republicans, are elected to Congress in Kentucky.

Ingersoll's prophetic eye discovers seasoned Presidential timber in Gen. Sherman.

Ben. Butler has been enthusiastically nominated for President in 1884. Nominations are now in order.

Of course the Germans of Kansas are happy over the election of Glyck. The German Democracy bank on "glueck."

Some of our Republican contemporaries have begun to predict that "an avalanche of old Southern Claims" will be presented in the next Congress.

THE Congressional River Committee will report adversely to the levee system, and probably in favor of Cowden's outlet plan.

The Stalwart New York Commercial Advertiser has fallen back on the old tactics of predicting that "the old slave power will now come to the front."

The Republican leaders have all humbly confessed that they have not a shadow of hope for their party, unless the Democrats "commit their usual blunders."

Gath: One of Blaine's friends said to me two week's before the election that he was determined to make the race for President again.

There are 117,000 Sunday-school scholars in New York, and 200,000 of their fathers voted the straight Democratic ticket.

Wade Hampton's Presidential ticket for 1884: Thomas F. Bayard and Joe E. McDonald. Intellect, principle and statesmanship are combined here.

For the last two elections the Presidential ticket has been New York and Indiana. How would it do to reverse the rule, once?

GRANT, Blaine, Conkling, and Logan, each, peremptorily decline being Presidential candidates. The Democratic grand sweep has frightened them.

MCDONALD, of Indiana, for President, and Cleveland, of New York, for Vice-President, seems to be the favorite Democratic ticket.

As soon as the Democratic majority reached 200,000 in New York, the leading Republicans gave it up. It was about time.

IN the November elections in the United States more than one million men who have heretofore voted the Republican ticket voted the Democratic. If the Democrats act wisely they may hold them.

THE Paducah *Times* (*Republican*,) says the Democrats in the recent election out run everything except a Republican constable in Iowa. The constable had stolen some of the public fund and never could be overtaken.

In Nebraska women suffrage was defeated at the recent election by 20,000 majority. The exhaustive labors of Miss Anthony and her co-workers availed nothing. All the negroes voted against the proposition.

THE Congress which meets next month is Republican, and the new Congress will be Democratic. The fight will be hot and heavy as to which party shall have the credit of reducing the government expenses.

THE Secretary of War will not recommend further river improvement appropriations this Congress. Both parties will fight to cut down expenditures preparatory for the Presidential fight, and between them the rivers will get nothing.

SENATOR BECK thinks that McDonald, of Indiana, for President and Cleveland, of New York, for Vice President, will probably be the Democratic ticket in 1884. The Senator expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied that this ticket would win.

THE size of the Democratic victory makes it dangerous, says the Nashville *Banner*. Certainly it has proven dangerous to the Republicans; and may prove dangerous to the Democrats unless the leaders put themselves on their good behaviour.

"No county in the First District ought to send a delegate to a Democratic State Convention until the party organization has been reorganized. This will be a disappointment to a few office-seekers who want some of the State offices, but the people will it so, and their voice should be respected.

A Washington correspondent who had talked with Senator Vorhees thus writes of the Congressional election in Indiana:

"The only district lost by the Democrats that could have been carried was one in which the Democratic candidate thought he could make a special point by assailing the River and Harbor bill."

That candidate whoever he was, was not only unpatriotic but a fool, and deserved to lose his election.—[Paducah News.

JUDGE BULLITT'S PLAN.

We direct attention to the letter of Judge W. G. Bullitt, in this week's *Courier*, submitting a plan for the reorganization of the Democratic party in this District. His plan refers the organization directly to the people through a primary election, submitting that the present county committees meet and authorize the holding of primary elections in each voting precinct of each county to elect members of the county Democratic committees, and that these new committees, directly chosen by the people, proceed to organize and harmonize the party.

This is certainly a correct and fair proposition, and we think should be accepted cheerfully by the convention and anti-convention Democrats. It is precisely the plan the Turner Democrats have been demanding and therfore they must approve; and to the convention democrats, we say the issue has been tried before the people in three successive contests, and the majority have condemned coventions, and all true Democrats should bow to the majority.

We ask the District Democratic Committee to take notice of this suggestion, and as they hold the unity and harmony of the party, to take steps to place the party management in harmony with the verdict of the people.

This plan is certain to harmonize and reunite the party, and this being accomplished, all good democrats should rejoice, regardless of the individual interests or ambitions that may be interfered with.

To our mind, we cannot understand, how any self respecting Democrat, can any longer consent to serve as a committeeman when the people have so clearly pronounced against his acts. We believe the committees to be composed of good Democrats, who have acted conscientiously, but they should now bow to the people.

COUNTY CONVENTIONS.

The democratic candidates for State offices, from Governor down, are in the field, and by letter and in person, are soliciting the vote of the different counties by instructions, through county conventions, to a State convention to be assembled.

This has been democratic custom, but in the present attitude of party sentiment, it is a custom that will be more honored in the breach than the observance in this district. These are the very class of conventions, in this section, that are generally slimly attended, and which a majority of our democratic brethren have condemned at the polls. For any self-respecting democratic committeeman in the face of this condemnation, to assume to call such conventions, is a degree of humiliation, we do not now contemplate. These committees have been denounced as "cliques, ringsters and tricksters," and all manner of political corruption, bargain and sale, &c., charged against them, and what is more a majority of the party they assumed to represent has, in three successive contests, voted that they *believed* the charges. Therefore, that Committee as now constituted, that assumes to directly call a convention pleads guilty to these charges of corruption and acknowledges itself a "ring and clique." The State Democratic committee by its silence, the great democratic State organs—the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the *Post*, and the *Democrat*, by open expression, have condemned the party organization in this district and it is but fair that the present Committee in each county surrender their trust to the people. If they persist in holding on, in the face of these stubborn facts, public condemnation will be increased.

KENTUCKY is the only State in which the Democrats actually lost ground in the recent elections. The majority has been so large in this State that hundreds of democrats are too indifferent to vote; besides there are hundreds voting the ticket in this State who actually are not democrats and who secretly wish the overthrow of the party.

IT is not probable that Gen. Sherman will act upon Bob Ingersoll's suggestion and run for President. In 1884 Gen. Sherman will be upon the retired list, drawing the comfortable sum of $17,500 per annum; and he is not likely to give up as soft a thing as that to run for President upon the Republican ticket, which is almost absolutely certain to be defeated.

The Governor of Mississippi has given Manning, dem., certificate of election over Chalmers, in a disgracefully wrongful manner. Chalmers was elected by a good round majority, but on the back of the returns of Tate county it read *Chambless* 1492 votes, and on the inside Chalmers. The Returning Board caunted the vote to Mr. Chambless, and thus elected Manning. It was a shame, and the Democratic Congress ought to give Chalmers his seat the first day of the session.

Kentucky may always be counted on to take a step backward when her sister states go forward. In 1874 when the Democratic tidal wave swept over the country, giving the Democracy control of the House. The Republicans gained a member of Congress in this State in John D. White. In 1882, when a political revolution again sweeps the country, Kentucky falls behind, and the Republicans gain another member of Congress.—[Madisonville Times.

Kentucky democrats had as well open their eyes to the fact that there are hundreds of professed democrats in the State who in their hearts are not democrats and who only vote with the party as a choice of evils. By and-by a wave will come along and take all these out of the party. Here lies the real cause of many not voting.

HOW TO RE-ORGANIZE.

PADUCAH, Ky., Nov. 10, 1882.

GEO. WARREN, ESQR.

DEAR SIR: The contest in this Congressional District having just terminated in favor of an independent candidate against the regular organized Democratic party ought to produce sufficient pacific feelings in all contesting democrats to induce them to calmly and fairly consider the best mode of harmonizing in a way to bring all democrats together so that the party can be placed in the best working trim for the coming presidential election.

As it is utterly impossible to accomplish the establishment of the principles of democracy without concert of action, in some form, which concert implies or involves an agreement or compromise between democrats, and no argument can be made without the parties to it coming together, face to face, or through an agent, and it being impracticable to bring all democrats of the United States together, a party with a complete organization, connecting not only the States but every precinct with every other precinct in the United States, through which democrats can agree with each other throughout the United States, and the only means known to or recognized by democrats of enforcing democratic principles. I presume no democrat can object to the organization of the national democratic party. In fact I have heard many of those who supported Col. Turner for Congress say they did not object to the organization of the party, and the only complaint they had to make was as to the management of the organization of the party in the Congressional districts; they also say the country democrats have not had an equal chance with the town democrats in the conventions. Now while this complaint finds lodgment in their minds through a misapprehension of the facts, and their abstaining from participation in the conventions may have at the beginning of the split in the party placed them at a disadvantage in the management of the organization, which is ascribable alone to their own neglect, yet they are under the impression that they are not fairly dealt with in the conventions, and should be satisfied on this point.

Now to show those who supported Col Turner that we do not desire any advantage over them, how would it do for the county committees in the several counties in the district to order primary elections to select new committees for each county in the district; each voter can vote at his place of voting for as many committee men as his county is entitled to; or, if it is thought best each precinct might be directed to select one committee man as a member of the county committee; and when thus selected let the committee select its own chairman; and the new list formed in this way to be sent on to the State Central Committee for confirmation. It should be clearly understood, however, that this committee when thus formed shall call conventions either by primary elections, or precinct meetings, or by county mass meetings, to nominate candidates in every election, whether county, state, or federal. With such an organization I believe the democratic party of this district may be held together, and grow in strength, but if something is not done there is danger of the district becoming republicanized.

Please let me know your opinion, upon this, (as I believe,) important question.

Truly, your friend,

W. G. BULLITT.

Why I'm a Democrat.

A correspondent, remarking that he appreciates the editorials in the Hickman *Courier* urging the discussion of party principles by the party leaders to the view of properly educating young democrats in the faith of true democracy, sends us the following clip which he thinks appropriate:

A man was carrying a coon he had caught, when he met three little boys in the road. All of them said excitedly and at once, "Mister give me that coon, give me that coon, give me that coon, Mister."

"Well, boys, I'll tell you what I will do. If you will tell me the party you belong to and why, I'll give it to the boy who gives the best reason of his faith "I'm a Republican, because that party saved the union," said one. I'm a Greenbacker, because that party is in favor of plenty of money." When the time of the third boy came he said: I'm a Democrat, '*case I want the coon.*"

The Dying Hendricks.

[Dayton Journal.]

There is a quiet laugh at the expense of big doctors in Indianapolis. Ex-Senator Hendricks was recently reported critically ill of erysipelas, with gangrenous symptoms, certain, the great doctors of Indianapols and Louisville said, to carry him to a speedy death. The Senator prepared for his fate calmly, and resignedly waited for the grim messenger. But he did not proceed to die. The day to which the scientific doctors limited his life a blunt old Demodratic friend, who was a country practitioner, came to pay his distinguished friend a farewell visit. He looked at the erysipelas of the dying statesman, and suddenly said, with an expressive grunt: "Nothing but a bile, by G—d!" The next day the statesman was at the polls, voting the Democratic ticket. The distinguished scientific physicians are very quiet on the subject. We have the documents for this story.

NO PIVOTAL STATES.

[Baltimore Sun.]

An interesting and fortunate circumstance in connection with the recent elections is the fact that they give no prominence to any one State entitling its politicians to the excessive considerations commonly shown to the sons of "pivotal States." Grover Cleveland does not hold such an exceptional position as New York's "favorite son" as to compel the Democratic party to adopt him as its next presidential candidate in 1884. Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio can also claim consideration as important "pivots," not to mention minor States The Democratic party is, therefore, disembarrassed of the questions of "availability," which often lead to the nomination of inferior men. Whatever public man shall, during the crucial period of two years now to ensue, prove himself possessed of the intelligence and ability to occupy with credit the Presidential chair, will have a fair chance to do so.

CONGRESS meets Monday week.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

GREAT BRITAIN has nearly 5,000 miles of inland boat navigation.

THE average yield of potatoes in 1879 in the States was only sixty-nine bushels per acre.

WHEN you boil vegetables save the water you boil them in, and use it to mix your chicken feed with.

A MAN on the Peninsula Railroad, in Florida, gathered 10,000 good oranges from one tree last fall.

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana, annually ships 45,000 barrels of eggs, equal to 3,150,000 dozen, worth $315,000.

THIS is the beginning of a new novel: "He was at one time a son so prodigal that all the calves fled at his approach."

AN Ohio Sheriff who lately assisted at a wedding snapped his fingers and called out: "The condemned will now step this way."

THE most troublesome insect which prey upon the apple-tree are the tent caterpillar, the canker worm, the codling moth and the borer.

PENNSYLVANIA claims to have raised a cucumber weighing twenty-three pounds, and wants two Presidential candidates to come forward and eat it.

THE *Mining and Scientific Press* says that the first iron works in this country were erected in 1619 at Falling Creek, not far from Jamestown, Va.

GREAT numbers of people live by the culture and sale of violets grown in sandy fields, at the south of Paris. Fifteen thousand bunches are sold daily in that city.

THE raspberry plantations in England have been infested the past few years with large snout beetles, which not only strip the plants of their leaves but eat off the bark from young ones.

IN a late medical work which has excited much attention and criticism, Dr. Declat, of Paris, argues that all diseases are due to the development of invisible parasites either in or upon the body.

IN a late patent office report it is stated that the first patent issued after the passage of the law establishing a patent office in 1790 was to Samuel Hopkins for the manufacture of pot and pearl ashes. It was granted July 30, 1790.

THE Appennine Railroad reaches its highest point at an elevation of 2,000 feet above sea level; the Black Forest Railway ascends to 2,762 feet; the Caucasus Line to 3,168 feet, and the Great St. Gothard Tunnel is 3,750 feet above sea level.

LARGE draughts of water are the most injurious with aliments difficult of digestion, like the fats; and the drinking of too much water, after fat pork, for instance, should be avoided. But in countries where soup does not constitute a regular part of the meal, drinking water is sanctioned by the best medical men.

A BROOKLYN belle, tired of living an aimless, plague-painting life, has actually taken to cooking. She dumped the contents of her rouge-box in her first pan of dough instead of saleratus, to be sure, but the beautiful rose tint that it imparted to the bread after it was baked amply atoned for the error.

As the cold produces changes in organic substances closely resembling those caused by heat, a Hungarian chemist proposes to cook fresh beef by exposing it to a temperature of thirty-three degrees below zero. It is then placed in hermetically sealed cans, and is thus preserved in perfect condition for a long time.

SAYS the Keokuk *Gate City*: This is "offul;" a Russian court-martial has been held at St. Petersburg and the following named Nihilists sentenced to be hanged: Michaeloff, Salweroff, Bordenkoff, Bonleoff, Aftenoff, Stanekoff and Obeloff, and their sentences must be confirmed by Melikoff. Great Cæsar! Killemoff.

AN eminent authority says that air should be taken into the lungs through the nose. The advice comes none too soon. When taken through the nose the air is warmed before it strikes the lungs, and consequently there is not that danger there would be if the cold blast should come in direct contact with the lungs.—*Danbury News.*

THE Milwaukee *Sun*, in an article on livery horses, says: "It is not an uncommon thing to see a young fellow drive up to the house where his girl lives with a team that is just tearing things." Thereupon the Norristown *Herald* says It may not be an uncommon thing in Milwaukee; but hereabouts it is a very rare sight. Pennsylvania girls don't live in a house "with a team that is just tearing things."

A SURE cure for corns has been discovered, which will be a boon to the suffering. It has been ascertained that the worst case of corns in the world can be cured by washing the feet in clean water every night before going to bed for a month or so. To many people this will seem like one of those desperate emergencies where the remedy is worse than the disease.

Large Schools.

The experience of a third of a century, says a foreign writer, has convinced many observant persons that the aggregation of children in huge schools is a mistake. There can, of course, be no cultivation of individual character in such schools. The children are dealt with in masses, and each child is only a unit in a crowd. They act together with the precision of machinery; but they are lost when called upon to act alone. There is, moreover, as all visitors to these large pauper schools have noticed, an unjoyous look in the children. They have old heads on young shoulders, in the sense, not of wisdom, but of hopelessness. They are dull, apathetic, helpless. They are like plants which are brought up without sunshine. They are, in fact, exotics, shut out from all contact with the cares that beset their class, ignorant of family life, fed with the regularity of well-kept animals, but without any practical knowledge of the conditions under which their after lives must be passed in the struggle with the world.

THE dairy industry of the United States represents an investment of over $1,300,000,000, and an annual production of butter and cheese of over $350,000,000 in value, which is $50,000,000 more than the hay crop, three times more than the oat crop, and but one-fifth less than the corn crop. Over 350,000,000 pounds of cheese and 1,500,000,000 pounds of butter are made annually. Of the total amount of butter made in the United States, New York produces 140,000,000 pounds yearly and [illegible],000,000 pounds of cheese.

"IT is a curious fact," says the Philadelphia *Times*, "that Philadelphia is about the only great city in the world where horse-racing is thoroughly disreputable. At New York and Baltimore, for example, to go no further away, races are conducted with at least the semblance of honesty, and with a careful regard for decency, and gentlemen and ladies go to enjoy the sport, as they do at Epsom or Longchamps, without any danger to their self-respect. In Philadelphia, on the other hand, a horse-race attracts nobody but gamblers and fast women, and no decent person would like to be seen at one of our race courses."

A FURRIER recently sent the store-boy to the back part of the establishment to bring forward a certain fur cape. After some time the youngster returned with the article neatly folded up, and was greeted with: "Well, you've got back at last, have you? You've been gone long enough to sail from South America." "Well, sir," said the lad, as he modestly raised his parcel, "I did double the cape."

Knew His Business.

A few months ago [illegible] one of the Ch[illegible] experienced [illegible] a small [illegible] in the [illegible] of his [illegible]. [illegible] to be found in the country around, and every [illegible] from his [illegible] was [illegible] the [illegible] church into which he had [illegible] himself. Noticing his interest the pastor [illegible] him, shoved him along as he could, and in a short time the new convert was a shining light [illegible] fellowship [illegible] and the Christian [illegible] with which he passed the [illegible] nickles from what before had been barren pockets."

One Sunday morning a hoodlum was noisy, and the [illegible] for [illegible] ordered him out. He went, but [illegible] Sunday evening he appeared with a [illegible] of his [illegible] and [illegible].

The [illegible] kept an eye on the leader until the [illegible] became unbearable.

"Put me [illegible] a moment, parson," said he, "till I [illegible] after this fare."

Approaching the thing, he went for him, and wiped up several yards of aisle with him, and then stood him on his legs.

"Five cents for the kingdom of God!" he demanded.

The hoodlum said he did not have to pay.

"Five cents for this ride on the Gospel chariot," and he smashed the thing in the countenance.

"But, brother," remonstrated the pastor, "you cannot compel him to contribute."

"Never you mind that parson. You preach and I'll collect. This man can't dead-head on this orthordox through line without putting up. Beside I'm responsible to the company for his fare. I've punched him and he's got to show coin."

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

It is estimated that $250,000 will be necessary to finish the Washington monument. The present Congress will be asked to appropriate the entire amount, so that the monument may be completed by the end of the next fiscal year.

A widow writes to a cavalry officer in Dakota: "Dear Sir: My man, perhaps you know is dead. I buried him Thursday. It is coming on Spring now, and I am a lone woman with a big ranch, and the Indians about. I don't mind the Indians, the red devils; but I have too much work for any woman to do. If you have any seargent about to be mustered out, or a private, if he is a good man, I would like to have you to inform me about him. If he is a steady man, likes work and wants a good home, I will marry him, if we think we can get along together. It's a good chance for any man Please answer."

By Express.

MRS. JONES takes pleasure in informing ladies, that she has just received by express, a new and elegant line of Neckwear, consisting of the Langtry Collar and Fichu, and various other novelties. Call early and secure for yourself something new and stylish. Now is the time for all who have not purchased a hat or bonnet, to procure one, while the stock is fresh and new.

New Grocery!

Steagald's Old Stand, Clinton Street. } HICKMAN, KY.

D. L. GOLDBERG,
DEALER IN
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

My Stock is New and Fresh, and will be sold at prices that will be especially attractive to buyers.

LIQUORS!

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE BOUGHT
GIVE ME A CALL!

KENTUCKY MUTUAL BENEFIT
MATRIMONIAL ASSOCIATION,
OF LEXINGTON, - KENTUCKY.

Three Classes, $1,000, [illegible],000, $5,000.
Three Months Plan.

BUT a member may marry at any time, even the next day after joining, and secure a benefit. This association pays a benefit when a member marries or dies. The association is a permanent institution, enjoying a large business and a security fund guards the interests of those who marry at leisure, or die years hence. Join early and avoid assessments. Conducted on sound business principles. Agents wanted in every county; especially Lady Agents, who can earn from $25 to $50 per day. Write for circular giving full explanation of plan

W. J. JOHNSTON, General Manager,
Lexington, Ky.

Reference:—Jas. A. Grinstead, of Grinstead & Bradley, Bankers, Lexington, Ky.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT.

H. D. Murphy, &c., Plaintiff
Against } EQUITY
Susan Boaz, &c., Defendant

Notice is hereby given to the Creditors of C. D. Boaz, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Fulton Circuit Court, under an Order in the above styled cause, will attend at his office, in Hickman, from the date hereof until the 4th Monday of January, 1883, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Commissioner.

Hickman, Ky., Sept. 22, 1882.

CALDWELL'S
High School.

THE FOURTH YEAR will commence, **Monday, September 4, 1882**, and continue nine months.

The course of study, in addition to thorough Primary Work, will include Higher Mathematics, the Natural Science, German, Latin and Greek, Book Keeping, Penmanship, Elocution and Vocal Culture.

TUITION PER MONTH.

Primary,	$3 00
Intermediate,	4 00
Advanced,	5 00

Payable monthly in Advance.

B. C. CALDWELL, } Principals.
MARY CALDWELL, }

Hickman, Ky., August 11, 1882.

LOWER and LOWER.

All kinds of Groceries—hams, sides, &c. as cheap as the cheapest. I will not be undersold. JOHN WITTING.

MEMPHIS AND OHIO RIVER PACKET COMPANY.

Memphis, Cairo, Louisville and Cincinnati Steamers

JAMES W. GAFF, ANDY BAUM,
CONS MILLER, VINT SHINKLE,
GRANITE STATE,

LEAVES EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIday, at 5 p. m., for Cairo, Louisville and Cincinnati, connecting at Cincinnati with Railroads and Steamers for

Eastern, Western and Northern Points,

Giving through tickets to all points—Chicago, Toledo, Buffalo, Richmond, New York, Washington City, Philadelphia and Boston. East, North and Western tourists will find La Belle River route safe, delightful and economical.

Rates by this line cheaper than any other first class route Meals and state rooms free. Baggage checked through.

Passengers can rely on a splendid trip by this line, as the steamers are all first class, having been expressly built for the accommodation of passengers.

Each steamer carries a full string band.

R. W. LIGHTBURNE,
General Freight and Ticket Agent
No 7 Monroe street, Memphis, Tenn

Groceries.

25cts Lower than the Lowest.

I have no clerk expenses—no store rent—and pay cash for all my Groceries, and, therefore can sell as cheap as the cheapest. Best brands of Wittenberg and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest. JOHN WITTING.

FAMILY GROCERY
H. C. JUDGE,
(FRENZ'S OLD STAND.)

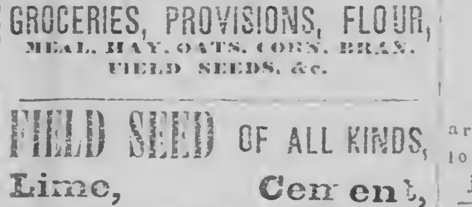
All kinds of
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,
usually kept in a first-class house, at bottom prices.

FANCY CANDIES, DATES, MINCE-MEAT, PICKLES, CRANBERRIES, HOMINY, GRITS,

LIQUORS,
Sugar, Coffees, Soaps, &c.

Will not be undersold.
Will pay full price for Butter, Eggs, &c.

POWELL & BROTHER,
HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,
PROPRIETORS OF
CITY MILLS.



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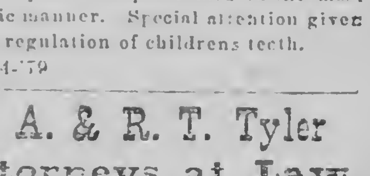

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